

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

## Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

AND

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Curiosities of Literature.* By I. D'Israeli, Esq., D.C.L., &c. Ninth Edition, revised. Six vols. 12mo. London, 1834. Moxon.

WHAT a pleasure it is to see an old friend with a new face! Proverbs are ridiculous in these more enlightened times. Take, for example, the reverse of that we have just quoted; or think of the foolish saying, "O that mine enemy had written a book!" when we all know that it is much more desirable our friends should write books, as we can then have the heartfelt satisfaction of depreciating them in society, and cutting them up in (anonymous) criticisms. Ah, *tempora mutantur, et nos non mutamur in illis*: human (ill) nature is always as per last quotation; the same now and evermore. The only alteration is, that we are becoming illuminated. Glow-worms have left their grubbery, and appear in the superior image of fire-flies. Men are no longer ignorant, proverb-bound Gurbts and Wambas, but the meanest amongst us are at least Schwarmeri—the meaning of which, if any dunce does not know, let him read Miss Edgeworth's *Helen*, and he will discover that it signifies skyrocketers.

But how these proverbs run away with us, as if we were no wiser than the famous Squire Sancho; and, gazing after the Schwarmeri, we are forgetting the ninth edition of the *Curiosities of Literature*—in itself a curiosity, though not owing to its rarity, only to its excellence. It is of no use to profess, at this time of day, our *far niente* delight in perusing this work. It is one of our choicest relaxations, if we may so call a literary luxury; and we heartily rejoice in seeing it brought forward in a popular shape. A portrait of the estimable author graces the title-page; and his lucubrations, applicable to all periods, seem to us to have acquired a vast additional value and interest from the great change which has taken place in our national literature since his first volume was originally published—now half a century ago! His themes and remarks are not more new than they were then; but they furnish much matter for new reflection. We shall certainly offer some suggestions which have occurred to us to our readers, on a future occasion; but at present, we can only indicate the dawning of this very agreeable republication, and conclude with one of its anecdotes.

"The bibliomania, or the collecting an enormous heap of books without intelligent curiosity, has, since libraries have existed, infected weak minds, who imagine that they themselves acquire knowledge when they keep it on their shelves. Their motley libraries have been called the *madhouses of the human mind*; and, again, the *tomb of books*, when the possessor will not communicate them, and confines them up in the cases of his library. It was facetiously observed, these collections are not without a *Lock on the Human Understanding*.—An allusion and pun, which occa-

sioned the French translator of the present work an unlucky blunder. Puzzled, no doubt, by my *facetiously*, he translates 'mettant comme on l'a tres-judicieusement fait observer, l'entendement humain sous la Clef.' The book, and the author alluded to, quite escaped him!"

*Narrative of Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa, in the Seventeenth Century.* By Evliya Effendi. Translated from the Turkish by the Ritter Joseph Von Hammer. Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund. 4to. pp. 186. London, 1834. Parbury, Allen, and Co.

*Alfiyya; ou, la Quintessence de la Grammaire Arabe, &c.* Par le Baron Silvestre de Sacy. Idem. 8vo. London.

WE have here two publications emanating from an institution called for by the inquisitive spirit of the age, formed upon sound and useful principles, and conducted ably and judiciously in perfect accordance with these principles. The Oriental Translation Fund entered upon a field neglected by ordinary publishers, because there was notoriously no hope of sufficient sales to remunerate the speculation in works of this learned class, which could only interest a small number of Eastern scholars. Yet the importance of these works, in the sphere of general literature, was greatly augmented by their especial bearing upon the history, religion, geography, statistics, customs, laws, and traditions of that vast empire, which owns the sovereignty and guidance of England. Thus the design sprang out of just and sufficient causes, and it has been prosecuted in a manner to reflect the highest honour on the names of those who were prominent in framing it, and have been zealous in directing its operations. To the chairman, Sir Gore Ouseley, and to the deputy chairmen, Lord Munster, Mr. Wynn, Sir E. East, Sir G. Staunton, Sir Alexander Johnston, as well as to other individual members of the Society, the country is deeply indebted for their exertions in this liberal and instructive undertaking; and it is not least of their merits (as matters are now carried) that they have not been betrayed into the business of bookselling as common speculators, and putting their distinguished names to all sorts of volumes connected with Asia, or Europe's intercourse with that quarter of the globe, travels, scenery, portraits, natural history, &c., and some fourpenny, twopenny, and penny periodicals, to spread the fame thereof among the people!

But to come to Evliya, called, from his extensive peregrinations, Siyyah, "the traveller." He was the son of the chief of the goldsmiths of Constantinople, and born in 1611. He was bred in all the Turkish accomplishments of his time: and was for a season in the seraglio of the Sultan Murad IV.—a place where religion and intellectual pursuits (such as they were) were strangely mixed with corrupt manners and degeneracy. He was then made a Sipahi, (horse-soldier), accompanied an expedition to

the south, was employed on many missions, and, being called to that course by a remarkable dream, became thenceforward a traveller all his days, that is for forty-one years; after which he retired to quietude, and employed ten years in writing the account of what he had seen and done. Of his MSS., four volumes exist, which bring down his narrative to 1655; so that the later and greater portion of his labours were probably never committed to writing.

One of the main features of the work is, a very complete description of Constantinople, its past mutations, and present condition. The rest are excellent selections of what is most curious in the travels, made by the learned and intelligent translator, Von Hammer; whose biographical sketch of Evliya says—

"He travelled, as he frequently mentions, for forty-one years, so that he must have completed his travels in the year 1081 (A.D. 1670), when he was sixty-one years of age; and he seems to have devoted the rest of his life to repose, and to the writing of his travels, which extended to all parts of the Ottoman empire, in Europe, Asia, and Africa, except Tunis, Algiers, and Tripoli, which he never visited, and which he therefore passes over in his statistical account of the Ottoman empire. Besides travelling in Rumelia, Anatolia, Syria, and Egypt, he accompanied the Turkish Embassy to Vienna in 1664, as secretary, whence he proceeded to the Netherlands and Sweden, and returned by the Crimea. Though generally employed in diplomatic and financial missions, he was sometimes engaged in battles, and mentions having been present at twenty-two."

And again: "He declares he saw the countries of eighteen monarchs, and heard one hundred and forty-seven different languages."

From the mass of olden information thence brought before us, as we cannot compass an analysis of the whole, we shall content ourselves with a few selections, which may possess originality to entertain our readers.

Our first is the Turkish idea of the building of Constantinople by the Emperor Constantine.

"The form of Islambul is triangular, having the land on its western side, and being girt by the sea on the east and north, but guarded there also by a single embattled wall, as strong as the rampart of Gog and Magog. Constantine having, by his knowledge of astrology, foreseen the rise and ascendancy of the Prophet, and dreading the conquest of his city by some all-conquering apostle of the true faith, laid the foundation of these walls under the sign of Cancer, and thus gave rise to the incessant mutinies by which its tranquillity has been disturbed."

The influence of Cancer holds good to our day; not so the Talismans, which were fading fast even in the time of our author. They are very curious:—

"On the outside of it, figures of the soldiers of various nations, Hindustanies, Kurdistanies, and Muktanies, whom Yankó ibn Madiyan vanquished, were sculptured by his command; and



by the great earthquake on the night of the prophet's birth; the columns which bore them still lie strewed like a pavement along the Seraglio-Point, from the Selimiyyeh Köshk, to the castle of Sinán Páshá, and are manifest to those who pass along in boats. Though upset they still retain their talismanic virtues, and every year bring many thousand fishes to the shore."

*Apròpos* of "Rúm" being rendered Turkey in the above quotation, we have to remark, that in other places it is equally translated "Byzantine empire," "Greece," and "Asia Minor."—now it cannot mean all four?

Jem is a celebrated name in the Ottoman annals, and there is a long and strange story of the marriage of a king of France's daughter with a sultan, and indeed of family alliances between Islámból and Paris; but we can only give a passage relative to Jem, aforesaid, one of the parties concerned.

"When Báyzáid Velí was khalifá, his brother Jem-Sháh (these two being princes of a high spirit) contended with him for the possession of this foul world, and having been worsted in a great battle on the plains of Karamán, fled to Kalávún Sultán of Egypt. From thence, as he was going on a pilgrimage to Meccah, he was driven by the buffeting of the sea on the shores of Yemen and 'Aden, whence he visited the tomb of Veiso-I Kar-ní, performed the pilgrimage, and travelling through Hijáz, returned to Egypt, from which country he went by sea to Rhodes and Malta, and from thence to France, to visit his grandmother (the Queen of France), one of the most exalted sovereigns of that time, accompanied by 300 Muselmán followers: he spent his time like a prince, in hunting and all sorts of enjoyment. One of his most favoured companions and counsellors was his *defterdár* (secretary) Sivri Hisári; another was 'Ashik-Háider. Seventeen sons of bans (princes) stood before him [as slaves] with their hands crossed upon their breasts [ready to receive and execute his orders]. He was always followed by this suite in all his travels through Káfristán (the land of the infidels). He composed some thousand *penj-beits mukhammases* and *musaddeses* (odes), together with *kásáyids* (elegies), which form a *diván* (collection of poems), praised by all the world.

*A Stanza by Jem-Sháh.*

Bird of my soul, be patient of thy cage,  
This body, lo! how fast it wastes with age!  
The tinkling bells already do I hear  
Proclaim the caravan's departure near.  
Soon shall it reach the land of nothingness,  
And thee, from fleshy bonds delivered, bless.

In this kind of elegies he was an incomparable poet. Sultán Báyzáid at length sent an ambassador to the King of France and claimed Jem-Sháh. On this the ill-complexioned Frank caused a sorrow-faced fellow to cut his throat, while shaving him, with a poisoned razor. The corpse of Jem, together with his property, amongst which was an enchanted cup, which became brimful as soon as delivered empty into the cup-bearer's hand; a white parrot; a chess-playing monkey; and some thousands of splendid books, were delivered up to Sa'dí Chelebi (Sivri Hisári) and Háider Chelebi, that they might be conveyed to the sultán. Jem's Sa'dí (i. e. Sivri Hisári), being a learned and acute man, first dyed the parrot black, and taught him to say, "Verily, we belong to God, and to Him shall we return! Long live the emperor!" He then returned to him with the remains of his master, and delivered over his property to the imperial treasury. But when Báyzáid asked, "Where is

the white parrot?" the bird immediately repeated the above-mentioned text, and added, "Sire, Jem-Sháh having entered into the mercy of his Lord, I have put off the attire of the angel clad in white, and clothed myself in the black of mourning weeds." "How!" said the sultán, addressing himself to Sivri Hisári, "did they kill my brother Jem?" "By Heaven! O Emperor!" replied he, "though he indulged in wine, yet he never drank it but out of that enchanted cup, nor did he ever mingle with the infidels, but spent all his time in composing poetry; so by God's will there was a certain barber named Yán Oghlí (John's son), who shaved him with a poisoned razor, which made his face and eyes swell, and he was suffocated." Báyzáid ordered the remains of Jem to be buried at Brúsh, beside his grandfather Murád II." (Murád's corpse, however, refused to entertain the body under the same roof, and it was buried elsewhere. The reason assigned for this posthumous unpoliteness and want of hospitality, is, that it was only a make-believe Jem, and that the real person remained in Franghistan, and was made a king of some country there.)

In conclusion we would call attention to the notice of some remarkable caverns described by Evliyá, and still existing a little out of the line between Adrianople and the capital, though they do not seem to have attracted the investigation (as they well deserve) of more modern travellers; and also to the memorable pleading for his life of a deposed pasha, which shews the power of the Janissaries; as we are told in a note, "This speech is remarkable, as it attributes all the rebellions which shook the Ottoman empire after the death of Sultan Othman II. to the mutinous spirit of the Janissaries, who, until the beginning of the present reign, baffled all the attempts of the sultans who attempted to subdue them."

With regard to the Arabic Grammar of Djémal-eddin Mohammed, better known under the name of D'Ebn-Malec, we will only take upon ourselves to say, that the admirable commentary of M. de Sacy adds extremely to the value of the original. Several Arabic scholars, whose opinions we have asked, speak very highly of the volume, as essential to the accurate understanding of that difficult language.

*Life and Poetical Works of Crabbe.* By his Son. Vol. II. 12mo. London. Murray. It would be worse than idle in us to enter at this time of day into detailed criticism or eulogy of the poetry of Crabbe. Well and truly says Jeffrey:—

"He exhibits the common people of England pretty much as they are, and as they must appear to every one who will take the trouble of examining into their condition; at the same time that he renders his sketches in a very high degree interesting and beautiful,—by selecting what is most fit for description; by grouping them in such forms as must catch the attention or awake the memory; and by scattering over the whole, such traits of moral sensibility, of sarcasm, and of useful reflection, as every one must feel to be natural, and own to be powerful. In short, he shews us something which we have all seen, or may see, in real life; and draws from it such feelings and such reflections, as every human being must acknowledge that it is calculated to excite. He delights us by the truth and vivid and picturesque beauty of his representations, and by the force and pathos of the sensations with which we feel that they ought to be connected." We heartily say *ditto* to every word of the

learned lord advocate, and can have no doubt that, ere long, the works of "the Poet of the Poor" will be as familiar in the cottage, as they have hitherto been prized in the drawing-room.

The life of Crabbe, by his amiable and intelligent son, contained some highly interesting anecdotes illustrative of the sources from which he drew his materials; and we have in the notes to this second volume not a few more of the same kind. It is curious to trace the workings of such a mind—to compare the original with which observation furnished the poet and the finished portraiture which thought and imagination enabled him to hang up for immortality. We are thankful for the smallest shred of such information respecting the composition of any works really deserving the epithet *standard*.

These things, however, are far from being the only features of novelty in the present volume. The editor has been enabled to supply from Mr. Crabbe's MS. note-books various readings in the "Village," the "Library," the "Newspaper," &c., much more important than we had ventured to anticipate, even from what has lately been added from similar sources to the interest of Byron and Scott, as objects of study to the young aspirant in poetry.

Those early works were, as we all know, submitted to the careful revision of Burke—and it is now apparent that the humility of the author induced him, at his illustrious benefactor's suggestion, to make many *erasures* which, if Burke's skill in poetry had been as great as in oratory, he could never have advised. It is, for instance, quite inconceivable to us, on what grounds that wonderful man recommended the deletion *in toto* of such a passage as the following, on *novels*, which, in the original MS. of the "Library," came after the well-known and exquisite verses on *romances*.

"But who are these, a tribe that soar above,  
And tell more tender tales of modern love?  
A Novel train! the brood of old Romance,  
Conceived by folly on the coast of France,  
That now with lighter thought, and gentler fire,  
Usurp the honours of their drooping sire:  
And still fantastic, vain, and trifling, say  
Of many a soft and inconsistent thing—  
Of rakes repenting, clogg'd in Hymen's chain—  
Of nymph reclined by unpresuming swain—  
Of captains, colonels, lords, and amorous knights,  
That find in humbler nymphs such chaste delights,  
Such heavenly charms, so gentle, yet so gay,  
That all their former follies fly away.  
Honour springs up, where'er their looks impart  
A moment's sunshine to the harden'd heart—  
A virtue, just before the rover's jest,  
Grows like a mushroom in his melting breast.  
Much, too, they tell of cottages and shades,  
Of balls, and routs, and midnight masquerades,  
Where dangerous men and dangerous mirth reside,  
And Virtue goes—on purpose to be tried.  
These are the tales that wake the soul to life,  
That charm the sprightly niece and forward wife,  
That form the manners of a polished age,  
And each pure easy moral of the stage.

Thus to her friend the ever-faithful she—  
The tender Delia—writes, securely free—  
Delia from school was lately bold to rove,  
Where yet Lucinda meditated love—  
"Oh thou, the partner of my pensive breast,  
And, but for one! its most delightful guest,  
But for that one of whom 'twas joy to talk,  
When the chaste moon gleam'd o'er our ev'ning walk,  
And cooing fondly in the neighbouring groves  
The pretty songsters all enjoy'd their loves;  
Receive! as witness all ye powers! I send,  
With melting heart, this token of thy friend.  
"Calm was the night, and every breeze was low;  
Swift ran the stream—but, ah! the moments slow!  
Fly swift, ye moments! slowly run, thou stream,  
And on thy margin let a maiden dream.  
"Methought he came, my Harry, young and gay,  
The very youth that stole my heart away,  
I wake. Surprise! yet guess how blest was I!  
With looks of love—the very youth was by.  
"Whose is that form my Delia's bosom hides?  
What youth divinely blest within presides?  
He spoke and sigh'd. His sighs my fear suppress,  
He seized his angel form, and actions spoke the rest.



"Oh, Virtue! brighter than the noontide ray!  
Still guide my steps, and guide them nature's way;  
With sacred precepts fill the youthful mind,  
Soothe all its cares, and force it to be kind."  
Thus, gentle passions warm the generous maid,  
No more reluctant, and no more afraid;  
Thus Virtue shines, and in her loveliest dress—  
Not over nice, nor virtue to excess."

Nor can we express less surprise at the obliteration of such paragraphs as the next—on the professors of our own "ungentle craft."

"Here as I stand, of sovereign power possess'd,  
A vast ambition fires my swelling breast;  
I deal destruction round, and, all severe,  
Damn with a dash, and censure with a sneer;  
Or from the critic wrest a sinking cause;  
Rejude his justice, and repeal his laws:  
Now half by judgment guided, half by whim,  
I grasp disputed power, and tyrannise like him;  
Food for the mind I seek; but who shall find  
The food that satisfies the craving mind?  
Like fire it rages; and its fatal rage  
What pains can deaden, and what care assuage?  
Choked by its fuel, though it clouded lies,  
It soon eats through, and craves for new supplies;  
Now here, now there, with sudden fury breaks,  
And to its substance turns what'er it takes.  
To weighty themes I fly with eager haste,  
And skim their treasures like the man of taste;  
From a few pages tear the whole design,  
And damn a book for one stupitious line,  
Or steal its sentiments, and call them mine."

The following paragraph is also from the original draught of "the Library."

"Here, too, we trace the varied scenes of life,  
The tyrant husband, the retorting wife,  
The hero fearful to appear afraid,  
The thoughts of the deliberating maid;  
The snares for virtue, and the turns of fate,  
The life of trade, and madness of debate;  
Here force deals death around, while fools applaud,  
And caution watches o'er the lips of fraud;  
What'er the world can show, here scorn derides,  
And here suspicion whispers what it hides—  
The secret thought, the counsel of the breast,  
The coming news, and the expected jest—  
High panegyric, in exalted style,  
That smiles for ever, and provokes a smile,  
And Satire, with her fair rite handmaids by—  
Here loud abuse, there slithering irony—  
All now display'd, without a mask are known,  
And every vice in nature but our own."

Besides "the Library," "the Newspaper," "the Village," "the Parish Register," and "Sir Eustace Grey," illustrated in this fashion, this volume presents us with an appendix of fifty pages; consisting of matter, the whole of which is equally new to the reader of these days—"Inebriety, a poem," written and published when Crabbe was an apothecary's apprentice at Woodbridge, abjectly poor, wholly unknown, the bedfellow of his master's ploughman; "the Candidate," a poem written and published in London in 1780, during the author's darkest period of penury and distress; and, thirdly, some twenty little pieces, of various kinds, now first printed from Crabbe's early MS.; and all of them strikingly interesting, as depicting the progress of his taste and character, from the time when he first loved Miss Elmy until his acquaintance with Burke. We have not room to make extracts from "the Inebriety," though it would furnish many couplets, and some paragraphs, in every respect worthy of the poet's maturest genius. From "the Candidate," which came forth five years later, we might select not a few really brilliant gems; and we consider it as, on the whole, a performance so finished and so characteristic, that the editor would have been quite wrong in omitting one line of it; but we prefer giving the space we can afford to pieces completely new. Take the following:

"Life.

Think ye the joys that fill our early day  
Are the poor prelude to some full repast?  
Think you they promise?—ah! believe they pay:  
The purest ever they, and oft the last.  
The jovial swain that yokes the morning team,  
And all the verdure of the field enjoys;  
See him, how languid, when the noontide beam  
Plays on his brow, and all his force destroys!

So 'tis with us, when, love and pleasure fled,  
We at the summit of our hill arrive,  
Lo! the gay lights of Youth are past—are dead,  
But what still-deepening clouds of Care survive?"

"Fragment, written at Midnight.

Oh, great Apollo! by whose equal aid  
The verse is written, and the med'cine made;  
Shall thus a boaster, with his fourfold powers,  
In triumph scorn this sacred art of ours?  
Insulting quack! on thy sad business go,  
And land the stranger on this world of woe.  
Still I pass on, and now before me find  
The restless ocean, emblem of my mind;  
There wave on wave, here thought on thought  
succeeds;

Their produce life works and idle weeds:  
Dark is the prospect o'er the rolling sea,  
But not more dark than my sad views to me;  
Yet from the rising moon the light beams dance  
In troubled splendour o'er the wide expanse;  
So on my soul, whom cares and troubles fright,  
The Muse pours comfort in a flood of light.  
Shine out, fair flood! until the day-star flings  
His brighter rays on all sublunary things.

Shall I, preserver deem'd around the place,  
With abject rhymes a doctor's fame disgrace?  
Nor doctor solely, in the healing art  
I'm all in all, and all in every part:  
Wise Scotland's boast! let that diploma be  
Which gave me right to claim the golden fee:  
Praise, then, I claim, to skilful surgeon due,  
For mine th' advice and operation too;  
And, fearing all the vile compounding tribe,  
I make myself the med'cine I prescribe;  
Mine, too, the chemic art; and not a drop  
Goes to my patients from a vulgar shop.  
But chief my fame and fortune I command,  
From the rare skill of this obtestic hand:  
This our chaste dames and prudent wives allow,  
With her who calls me from thy wonder now."

Among the editorial annotations we find sundry scraps from MS. communications of distinguished contemporaries, his father's friends and admirers. We draw our pencil down a little bit of Wordsworth, introduced in the note on the famous passage in "the Village:"

"There is you house that holds the parish poor,  
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken floor," &c.

"This description of the parish poor-house, and that of the village apothecary, lower down, were inserted by Burke in the 'Annual Register,' and afterwards by Dr. Vicesimus Knox in 'the Elegant Extracts,' along with the lines on the old romancers from 'the Library.' The effect produced by these specimens has been already illustrated by a letter from Sir W. Scott to Mr. Crabbe, written in 1809. (See the preceding volume of this collection, p. 191.) The poet Wordsworth, on reading that letter, has said:—'I first became acquainted with Mr. Crabbe's works in the same way, and about the same time, as did Sir Walter Scott, as appears from his letter; and the extracts made such an impression upon me, that I can also repeat them. The two lines,

'The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!  
The moping idiot, and the madman gay,'

struck my youthful feelings particularly; though facts, as far as they had then come under my knowledge, did not support the description; inasmuch as idiots and lunatics, among the humbler classes of society, were not to be found in workhouses in the parts of the North where I was brought up, but were mostly at large, and too often the butt of thoughtless children. Any testimony from me to the merit of your reverend father's works would, I feel, be superfluous, if not impertinent. They will last, from their combined merits as poetry and truth, full as long as any thing that has been expressed in verse since they first made their appearance."—*Letter dated Feb. 1834.*

We ought not to pass over the curious reading of the poet Crabbe in his middle life, as illustrated by copious extracts from his commonplace-book, interspersed throughout these editorial notes. The passages which he had copied out, as suggesting, or confirming his views of life and manners, are in themselves an amusing

mélange; and their introduction is felt throughout, as giving novelty, lightness, and variety, in the perusal of his own text. The prose works of Milton appear to have been especial favourites with Crabbe; and we must indulge ourselves with re-extracting one of his golden extracts.

"Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to bring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life."

The lines of "the Library," in which Milton's noble thought is worked up, will recur to every reader's recollection. Noble lines; but still how inferior to the massive grandeur of the original thus honestly confronted with them!

We have, we presume, done enough to satisfy our readers that the editor has not trifled with his task, and that the poems of Crabbe are now to be placed at the command of the public in a greatly extended and a curiously illustrated manner. Such a work ought to have no need of pictorial embellishments—but the taste of the day has been attended to in this matter also. The views of Slaughtden Quay, where Crabbe laboured in his father's salt-store, and of Burke's mansion at Beaconsfield, are appropriate subjects; and every justice has been done to both by the pencil of Stanfield and the graver of Finden. Knowing that Crabbe's family are deeply interested in the success of this undertaking, and that the elder son is but a country curate, we cannot but earnestly recommend the series before us to every lover of virtue, every admirer of genius, every honest student of the true "wells of English undefiled."

*Cunningham's Life and Works of Burns.*  
Vol. II. Cochrane and McCrone. London, 1834.

WITH a frontispiece more congenial to an Italian than a Scottish climate, yet very picturesque, representing the Ayrshire monument—to its immortal glory—and a pretty vignette, we have here the continuation of a work respecting which we discoursed largely a month ago. The present volume offers very little for remark or quotation; as it contains the universally admired poems which, on their first appearance, established the fame of Burns; and is not overburdened with annotations by



the editor, who has satisfied himself almost entirely by extracts from Gilbert Burns, Currie, Wordsworth, Jeffrey, Cromek, Lockhart, and a few other preceding writers. He begins with the preface to the Kilmarnock edition—the earliest of the bard's appeals to his country; and as it is not so familiar as the Edinburgh and later publications, we quote the concluding paragraph.

"To his subscribers the author returns his most sincere thanks. Not the mercenary bow over a counter, but the heart-throbbing gratitude of the bard, conscious how much he owes to benevolence and friendship for gratifying him, if he deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetic bosom—to be distinguished. He begs his readers—particularly the learned and the polite—who may honour him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for education and circumstances of life; but if, after a fair, candid, and impartial criticism, he shall stand convicted of dullness and nonsense, let him be done by as he would in that case do by others—let him be condemned, without mercy, to contempt and oblivion."

We perfectly agree with the editor, that Burns's frequent assertion of the spirit of independence,

"Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,"

as in this passage, ought never to have exposed him to the harsh remarks of the *Edinburgh Review*. Some men are placed in situations where it is absolutely necessary to remind the world, and especially those around them, of their true standard and rights. This is not boasting; and the only regret it inspires is, that where the stamp of God and Nature is patent, it is not always recognised and respected.

That the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* did not fall into the error of making allowances for any eccentricities of genius in the case of Burns, Mr. Cunningham more than once or twice notices with severe animadversion; repeating in substance a remark of ours, which we have seen re-echoed in a hundred instances since, that the *Edinburgh Review* had been singularly unhappy in its poetical criticisms—most of those it condemned having risen to the highest rank, while those it eulogised had sunk into oblivion. Such is the fact: of course, we refer to that journal in times past, and without impeaching, in other respects, those extraordinary powers exercised in it, which have led to a new and elevated station in periodical literature.

In his notes upon Burns's paraphrases of two or three of the Psalms, Mr. C. pays a just tribute to the simplicity and beauty of the old Scotch versions. For us they possess a wonderful charm. What may appear uncouth or quaint, has been softened by the hand of Time into venerable antiquity; while all the pristine spirit and pathos remain in their full bloom. In childhood they were (we hope are) "got by heart;" and if they are so, in that expressive word for memory they will ever remain, with a purifying influence. But we quote a less grave illustration.

"The earliest composition that I recollect taking pleasure in," Burns writes to Dr. Moore, "was the Vision of Mirza, and a hymn of Addison's, beginning,

"How are thy servants blest, O Lord!"

I particularly remember one half-stanza, which was music to my boyish ear:—

"For though on dreadful whirls we hung,  
High on the broken wave."

I met with these lines in Mason's English

Collection, one of my school-books.' It is related in our Scottish legends, that a way-faring Irishman took shelter, one stormy night, in a farmer's house, just as the household struck up the ninetieth psalm—some say the hundred and nineteenth—in family worship. The stranger, ignorant of the devotional turn of his host, imagined the psalm to be a song in honour of his coming—in short, a welcome. He sat and heard it to an end, and then said, 'Merry be your heart, Goodman: that's a long song, and a good song; and, by way of requital, I shall give you a touch of Brian O'Linn.'

Of Burns:

"An old man of the west of Scotland, who still lives to remember him with affection, says, 'He was subject to great fluctuation of spirits—sometimes he was so depressed that he would shun his most intimate friends; and when observing any one he knew approaching him on the road, he hesitated not to leap over a hedge, or strike into another path, to avoid being disturbed.'

On this Mr. C. remarks—"He was at such periods as likely to be in a poetic reverie as in a melancholy one." But this sort of *ex cathedra* opinion is to destroy the credibility of his own adduced testimony. We think this hardly necessary; and still less necessary to prove, by actual quotation, what the reader would have taken for granted on his mere *ipse dixit*, that there was originally, too, a vulgar couplet in the delightful poem of the "Twa Dogs."

A slight forgetfulness of good taste, however, is but a *wee* drawback on a popular edition of Burns.

1. *The Village Patriarch, Love, and other Poems.* By E. Elliott. Vol. II. 12mo. pp. 286. London, 1834. Steill.
2. *Spirit of Peers and People: a National Tragi-Comedy.* By the Author of the "Exposition of the False Medium," &c. 12mo. pp. 163. London, 1834. E. Wilson.
3. *Church and School: a Dialogue in Verse.* By the Rev. J. White, Vicar of Loxley. 18mo. pp. 63. Smith, Elder, and Co.
4. *Political and other Poems.* By C. Cole, a London Mechanic. In Twopenny Monthly Nos. I. to VI. 12mo. pp. 72. London, Strange; Cowie; Purkess; Watson; Cleave.
5. *The Reform Ministry and the Reformed Parliament.* Tenth Edition, done into Verse, by Nahum Whittlecraft, Parliamentary Poet-Laureate. 8vo. pp. 78. London, Fraser.

ESCHEWING the evil of Politics in prose, in the hope that, even in times of the greatest excitation and ferment, the bounds of the green fields of literature will be (perhaps the more) acceptable; we are not inclined to be seduced into the wrangling arena by the misapplication of the sweet breath of Poetry to these irritating themes. It is, therefore, only with the view of preserving a faithful record of the aspects of the press in our time, that we bestow a short passing notice upon the publications specified in our title.

We heartily rejoice in one circumstance in which politics in verse enjoy, in our estimation, an evident advantage over politics in prose. It is, that there is no poetical answer to poetical opinions. The original bard has the argument all his own way. If he does not fully sift his subjects, nobody else attempts it; if he does not refute himself, there is no reply, Spenserian, heroic, lyric, or Sapphic, from any other quarter. Thus the dispute, if it can be so called, being confined to one side of the ques-

tion, is soon over; whereas in prose writings there is no end to the discussions engendered.

Of the energy and talent of Mr. Elliott there is, we presume, but one opinion. He is a powerful writer; and if his extreme radical principles and monomania on the subject of the corn-laws may by some be thought dangerous, we cannot help feeling that such a production as the *Village Patriarch* is too elaborately written to have much influence in stirring up the bad passions of the uninformed multitude. Less ability would be likely to produce more mischief; if it be mischief to impress on the poorer classes that those above them are grinding tyrants, who take a fiend-like delight in their sufferings, and ought to be pulled down. There is, indeed, too much of misery spread over the face of society, and joyfully would we see the remedy applied to its alleviation—to its extinction; but we cannot look at every thing with the gloom of our author, nor agree with him in principles which we are convinced would only aggravate the wretchedness they would pretend to cure.

With regard to the poem called "Love," it appears to us to be more pedantic than natural,—more from the head than the heart. Now, verily, love has little to do with the head; and all to do with the heart. Cupid, blind as he is, never shot a single arrow at the cranium of any mortal being. He has left the *caput* for the universities to rule and phrenologists to trifle with; and chosen the *cor* for lovers.

Indeed, the same mind, however gifted with imaginativeness and other poetic qualities, which throws all its force into political agitation, can be but ill adapted to paint the gentler emotions: the soul devoted to the fierce denunciation of corn-laws and oppression, can have few thoughts to spare for the soft delights of sweetest sympathy and fond affection.

On these grounds we endeavour to account to ourselves for having experienced neither interest nor admiration in perusing Mr. Elliott's volume; while we still hold as strongly as ever by our opinion of his very superior qualifications among the distinguished writers of the day. We quote a short piece as an example:—

"Hymn written for the Printers of Sheffield.

"Lord! taught by Thee, when Caxton bade  
His silent words for ever speak;  
A grave for tyrants then was made,  
Then crack'd the chain which yet shall break  
For bread, for bread, the all-scorn'd man,  
With study worn, his press prepared;  
And knew not, Lord, thy wondrous plan,  
Nor what he did, nor what he dared.  
When first the might of deathless thought  
Impress'd his all-instructing page,  
Unconscious giant! how he smote  
The fraud and force of many an age!  
Pale wax'd the harlot, fear'd of thrones,  
And they who bought her harlotry;  
He shook the throned on dead men's bones,  
He shakes—all evil yet to be!  
The pow'r he grasp'd let none disdain;  
It conquer'd once, and conquers still;  
By fraud and force assail'd in vain,  
It conquer'd erst, and ever will.  
It conquers here! the fight is won!  
We thank thee, Lord, with many a tear,  
For many a not unworthy son  
Of Caxton does thy bidding here.  
We help ourselves, thy cause we aid;  
We build for Heav'n, beneath the skies:  
And bless thee, Lord, that thou hast made  
Our daily bread of tyrants' sighs."

The conclusion is but a *naughty* specimen of charitable feeling. We daresay Mr. Elliott would exclaim with Byron,

"Why I thank God for that, is no great matter."

The compound epithets "all-scorn'd" and "all-instructive" are not good; but there is a vigour in the whole which speaks the writer's force.

No. 2 on our list is a poor concern; though emanating from similar political tenets. Kings, queens, peers, landlords, priests, are all found wanting:—or rather wanton in the commission of every crime. Fat Jaques, *alias* John Bull, is wronged, starved, persecuted, and insulted; but Messrs. Clear-sight, Earnest, and Vision (the latter Mr. Owen), shew how all may be rectified, equality introduced, property shared, and universal happiness enjoyed.

No. 3 discusses the question, whether the diffusion of education may be injurious to the church; and the reverend author demolishes a big giant of his own creation, who maintains that it would have that effect. The subject is far too difficult and important to be settled in rhyme; and (having said a good deal upon it elsewhere) we shall simply observe, for Mr. White's information, that he has entirely mistaken and mis-stated it. There is no man in England so utterly foolish as to object to, or oppose the increase of general knowledge—there is no man so besotted as not to agree that the imparting of sound information, and the cultivation of principles consistent with the Golden Rule, throughout every rank and grade of society, would be the source of national blessing: the whole difference which has arisen any where lies in terms. What one party calls knowledge, another calls empty folly; and what one party declares to be education, another maintains to be a faulty and superficial smattering, destitute of every true element of beneficial instruction. When the disputants agree on the rational definition of what they mean, it will be found, we are inclined to think, that neither Tory, Whig, Liberal, nor Radical, Churchman nor Dissenter, believer nor sceptic, Christian nor infidel, deny the principle, that to spread useful intelligence throughout all classes of the people, must tend to their welfare and the national prosperity; there can be no enemies to *right knowledge*—but there are many who believe that there are codes and fashions of spurious character, *called knowledge*, which being instilled into the mass of mankind, would contribute exactly as much to their happiness as the eating of the fruit of the *Tree of Knowledge*, contributed to the happiness of the progenitors of the human race in Paradise.

Of No. 4 we may observe, that the writer is somewhat after Mr. Elliott's calibre—a mechanic of an acute and strong mind. His weekly Nos., though exceedingly unequal, and in many pages dull failures, occasionally possess poetry, and political instigations to discontent and insubordination of considerable spirit. He seems to be better adapted to stir up resistance in the breasts of his fellows, than the bard of higher intelligences; and, in short, we would say, in a pun, that for producing a flame, we accord the palm to C. Cole!\*

The opening poem is pithy:—

"Love of Liberty.

A boy—I dream'd of liberty;  
A youth—I said, 'But am I free?'  
A man—I felt that Slavery  
Had bound me in her chain;—  
But yet, the dream which, when a boy,  
Was wont my musings to employ,  
Fast rolling years could not destroy,  
With all their grief and pain.  
No! still the thought that mocks control,  
Whose only rest is freedom's goal,  
Would mantling rise within my soul,  
'Till ev'ry vein ran fire!  
My spirit, in a spell was bound—  
The spell of an enchanting sound,  
Which bade me wake, and breathe around  
The murmurs of the lyre!

\* It is not inconsistent with this name that he talks of a "confagrated world," and makes "worm" and "dawn" good rhymes. (p. 14.)

That spell is on my spirit still;  
Yes, lovely Freedom! yes, I will  
The task by Heaven assign'd fulfil,  
And wake the lyre for thee!  
The dream of boyhood still is bright,  
And, bursting through oppression's night,  
I see a radiant form of light—  
Celestial Liberty!"

We quote another feeling stanza on the senseless accumulation of wealth:—

"Did pleasure always wait on wealth,  
And sunshine gild his way,  
Could gold bring its possessor health,  
Or bribe the worm—decay!  
Frail man, with reason, might employ  
His hours in his pursuit,  
And shun the simple flowers of joy  
To pluck the golden fruit."

On local politics, Mr. C. Cole gets desperately warm; he sings the Calthorpe Street Inquiry, or rather the bakers who sat on that renowned jury, as

"Hearts of patriotic flame,  
And men of soul sublime."

We have heard of its being but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous—we wonder how far it is from the ridiculous to the sublime? Yet the author of this absurdity wrote the following sweet verse on twilight:—

"And what a calm within the breast!  
The very stillness of the sky  
Sinks on the softening heart, like rest  
Upon the smiling infant's eye."

"Taxed Light" seems to be peculiarly obnoxious to our poet; inasmuch that he has altered the whole cosmogony (which indeed puzzled the Vicar of Wakefield himself) in order to abuse it. Mr. Cole insists upon it, p. 28, that man witnessed the creation of light:—

"And, wrapt in wonder, raised  
His grateful voice;"

whereas in Genesis, whence he has taken his description, it doth appear that man was not created till light was prepared for, and preceded him.

The last two Nos. fall off in talent from the promise of their precursors; but we presume they are still, as far as they go, the *Pythonic* oracles of the Trades' Unions, of which the writer is an ardent member, and a most unflinching supporter. He is, in short, their Laureate. He would, he tells us, "direct attention to the important rise and astonishing progress of the Trades' Unions. If they can behold that magnificent object, and perceive nothing resplendent in it, it will be because they view it through the fog of prejudice, or because they have not the regenerative principle within them. \* \* \* The mechanic, who is not yet a Trades' Unionist, should enrol his name with all convenient speed. The advantages progressively attainable, by means of these stupendous associations, are almost incalculable; and where is the toil-worn artisan, who would not exert the last remaining energy of his soul against that powerful and destructive monster, Competition?"

Our last production is, wonderful to relate, rather Tory-ish, and very hostile to the present administration. The writer is a clever man, and a bit of a humorist. He quizzes reform, and satirises its results, exclaiming—

"What has been done? Their ignorant stupid cry,  
'What has been done?—why plainly you shall see:  
Tories will say, too much,—and so say I;  
The Radicals, too little,—so say we;  
And all are grumblers now, from high to low,—  
Sure sign of our great capability:  
We've hit the happy medium now, 'tis clear,  
For none are satisfied, that we can hear."

The author then proceeds to reason in rhyme

\* We observe that this work is loudly eulogised in periodicals, the names of which we never saw till we read them on its cover: for besides *Cobbett* and the *True Sun*, there are the *Gauntlet*, the *Man*, the *Cosmopolite*, the *New Casket*, &c.—all furnishing knowledge for the people in their respective ways.—Ed. L. G.

against all the policy of government; and proves, at least, that he is one of the staunchest "grumblers." A stanza of a parliamentary return is no bad specimen of the ludicrous in composition.

"Lord Althorp's catalogue of one year's crime,—  
Murder, 1,63; and robberies,  
3,87; (hard work, this plaguy rhyme!)  
Burglaries, burnings (all in Leinster these),  
376 (I cannot make them chime);  
Houghing of cattle, 70; injuries,  
Wilful, malicious, more than twenty score;  
Serious assaults, seven hundred forty-four."

The introductory verse to the canto on law is also pretty fair.

"'Law's like a new-laid egg,' so poets feign;  
But I'm no poet, else my simile  
Had been less savoury,—rotten eggs I mean;  
For Law is rotten to its core, and he  
Who would reform it, even should sustain  
A pelting place, Lord Harry, just like thee.  
As well my pen thy wondrous powers portray  
As farthing light illumine the living day!"

And we end with the end—the writer's opinion of the Reformed Parliament:

"In public spirit, patriotism, and all  
A virtuous legislature can display,  
The present House excels both great and small,  
That ever has been, is, or e'er shall be!—  
No words, no praises, we can sing or scrawl,  
Can equal their high-minded purity.  
They are not men, but angels in disguise;  
Who dares our pamphlet controvert—he lies!"

And those who dare their patriotism to doubt,  
And say, a meaner House was never known,  
Or one so blindly led by tail or snout,—  
They're Tories, Radicals, as we have shewn.  
We'll keep our places, now we've got 'em out,  
And our mob parliament shall rule the throne.  
So, friends, good by, you'll hear of us, I wot,  
One other session more, and then—Finis."

We are glad we have done; for, though in this sketch of current publication we have not been political, we could not help referring to and quoting politics.

#### THE PUBLISHING TRADE. NO. VII.

In pursuing this subject we are now induced to take somewhat of a new ground; and to beg our readers to go along with us in a statement, in which it will be imperative upon us to say more of the *Literary Gazette* than we could desire. But when the system of publishing is discussed, and more especially when the real character of the periodical press demands inquiry and elucidation, we feel it to be impossible to exhibit it in its true colours without frequent reference to our own practice and experience. Nor will this course reduce the exposition from its general importance into a mere display of partial or private interest. On the contrary, it can, alone, by developing point after point, lead to the fair and adequate understanding of the genuine position of our literature at the present period; and enable the public to judge of those channels of hourly circulation which convey the life-blood of intelligence throughout every member of the body politic.

Our remarks on the proceedings of the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, appear to have called another prop to support them into the field; \* and, if it can, to write us down, for having ventured to express opinions unfavourable to its trading operations. By a singular act of self-denial, the names of the high officers and managers of the Society are not paraded as usual on the title-page; but they quote their authority from the *Penny Magazine*—though it is a passage, the exact meaning or applicability of which we are so dull as to be unable to comprehend.† All we can gather from the

\* "The Printing Machine; a Review for the Many" (query, as the Many may choose)—to be continued monthly. Published by C. Knight.

† Perhaps our more acute readers may: we quote it—"What the PRINTING-PRESS did for the instruction of the masses in the fifteenth century, the PRINTING

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whole sheet is, that its main purpose is to attack the *Literary Gazette*; in requital for which, as we have the advantage of four publications to one, we shall think it only decent to be light and pitiful in our hits.

The glaring inconsistencies of the first article on "the Market of Literature" we shall pass for the moment; and go to what more nearly concerns us—the observations on "the Literary Newspapers;" in which our *Gazette*, as "the first newspaper" devoted to literature in England," is naturally submitted to examination. Of this, our own publication, the writer proceeds to tell us what we never knew before, and therefore it must be useful knowledge.

"The projectors (he says) of the 'Literary Gazette' not only saw the inefficiency or incompleteness of the reviews and magazines as guides for the selection of books, but they also felt the important financial objection, with regard to the many, as to the price of those periodical works. They therefore at once determined to produce a cheaper article than any till then in the market, and published the 'Gazette' in weekly numbers, stamped at 1s., and afterwards unstamped at 8d. each. It is remarkable that the very persons who are now most clamorous against the system of diffusion and cheap works, and who call out upon the people and the representatives of the people to put down all innovation on the ancient and revered laws of publishing, were themselves amongst the most daring innovators."

It is a cruel thing to be compelled to defend ourselves against the charge of selling a cheap article; but we cannot help it; and we leave it to the eminent calculator whose data we have just quoted, to shew that the *Literary Gazette* stamped, per post, at 52s. per annum; or unstamped at 34s. 8d., was so much less in expense than the common monthly works, which at 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per No. cost only 42s. and 30s. per annum!

But this in fact involves the gist of the matter at issue. Dearnness and cheapness are not merely comparative but convertible terms. One sheet may be dear at a penny—another cheap at half-a-crown. It is the merits, not the bulk of periodicals, that we contend for: we hold that a yard of good English broad cloth is better worth a guinea than a yard of filthy dowlas is worth a shilling; and we add, that those who attempt to sell the dowlas for broad cloth are impostors.

It is a miserable endeavour to misrepresent us, to argue that we are averse to the universal propagation of intelligence at the lowest possible rate at which it can be furnished. Who could be hostile to knowledge itself, or to cheapness in the abstract? Not we, however we stand forward to expose what is cheap and nasty. That production, the price of which can neither remunerate talent nor labour, must be of an inferior kind. It must be, what we reprobate, a pretence of knowledge, destitute of the substance; and palmed by quackery upon the people, to the injury and exclusion of works which would really instruct and inform them.

"The 'Literary Gazette' (proceeds the writer) did not understand its own position. For seventeen years it has only seen the great body of the people through the medium of opulent booksellers,

and of coteries of the professors of what the French call 'la littérature facile,' or, as Pope said before the French, of 'the mob of gentlemen who write with ease.'"

Having seen the "great body of the people," and what is much more gratifying to us, having been seen by them during seventeen years, and maintaining the widest popular and foreign circulation ever enjoyed by any literary journal in this country, we think we may challenge the writer himself who thus describes our means and qualities, to prove that our recommendations to the public were so scanty,\* and the judgment of the multitude so blinded as to receive the garbage of opulent booksellers and small wits with such unparalleled favour. In all his reasoning respecting the *Penny Magazine*, and other publications of the Society, he contends for their extensive popularity being a proof of their deserts: why deny us the same justice? why assert (what he could not know) that our pages are filled by "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease," while his own magnificent pennyworth is emblazoned by the greatest sages and geniuses of the age!! Only mark how we apples swim—"The 'Tattler,' 'Spectator,' 'Guardian,' and other popular works, were to the middle classes of those days, what the 'Penny Knowledge' is to the humbler classes, and the young of all classes, at the present day." Ye gods! the *Spectator*, and the *Penny Magazine* and *Cyclopaedias*! Did not the ink shrink up and dry in the pen that wrote it? Bless us, we were not aware that our modern heroes of the *Machine*, that symbol of something or other of the nineteenth, were infinitely above these worthies of a former century! "We print it (they proclaim it) for the thousands who now constitute the trade throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland; and who, while the 'stale pastry' still cumbereth the market, see hundreds of thousands crowding to purchase the cheap sheets and volumes which have now, for the first time in the history of letters, bestowed the wholesome bread and the pure waters of sound knowledge upon those who were hungering and thirsting for the supply"!!! Merciful heaven! nothing but thunder! Who would not spend their pennies on wares like this? To be sure it is but bread and water after all; but then consider the quantity—as much as you can drink, and all for the small sum of One Penny!†

But revenons à nos moutons; our insignificant contributors and supporters, during these seventeen years. We are too conscious how far we have fallen short of our own ideal, to follow the poor example of self-praise; but with regard to our friends, and those who for the pure love of literature and science have co-operated with us, we find it impossible to claim too high a meed. We would willingly put it to this test. Let a hundred of the greatest names of this century—the most learned and eminent authors in every department of letters, and the most distinguished

\* "The 'Gazette,' which would have been a minnow among the Tritons, was a Triton among the minnows; and the minnows jostling each other in their own streamlets, bright with periodical praise, fancied themselves 'Created hugest that swim the ocean stream.'"

† Do they suppose that we are not as thoroughly convinced as they are "that there are no *cost* resources for literature but in the exchange with the many?" This has been our guiding principle throughout, from which the *L. G.* has never departed.—*Ed.*

‡ Again, "The risk was met because there was confidence that the British people were prepared to receive something fresher, and broader, and more akin to the wants of a searching and intelligent curiosity, than the 'hole-and-corner' literature, whose crumbs they had so long been obliged to pick up." Oh dear! but we have a tolerable conceit of ourselves.

scientific men who have advanced the knowledge of the useful and beneficial—add to these the foremost professors of the fine arts, and the most exalted patrons of all that was calculated to improve mankind—let that hundred names be put down, and we will stake the character of the *Literary Gazette* upon the issue, that there are not ten—not five of them, who have not prominently lent their solid and their enlightened aid to the intelligence of our publication.

With this proud boast, of which no detractor can rob us, we take our leave for a week.

1. *The Bard; a Selection of Poetry.* 36mo. pp. 335. London, 1834. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.; York, Shillito.
2. *The Miscellany of Natural History.* Vol. I. Feline Species. Edited by Sir T. D. Lander. Engravings by W. Kidd. Pp. 183. Edinburgh, Fraser and Co.; London, Smith, Elder, and Co.; Dublin, Wakeman.
3. *Dialogues, Moral and Scientific, intended principally for Young Persons connected with Sunday Schools.* 2 vols. London, 1834. J. Mason.
4. *The Infidel's Own Book: a Statement of some of the Absurdities resulting from the Rejection of Christianity.* By Rich. Treffry, jun. 12mo. pp. 200. London, 1834. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.; J. Mason.
5. *The Housekeeper's Guide; or, a Plain and Practical System of Domestic Cookery.* By the Author of "Cottage Comforts." Pp. 407. London, 1834. Jackson and Walford.
6. *Twelve Plain Sermons preached in a Village Church.* Pp. 236. London, 1834. Rivingtons.

WE have thrown these half-dozen of new publications together, as fair standard specimens of the present state of the book-press. They are perhaps above the medium of the vast majority of works we every week receive for review. Respectable, well-meant, and good of their kind, they are, nevertheless, without any distinct claim to notice. No. 1 is a compilation from many of our best-known poets; strung together at York, as if we had never seen or read them in London. No. 2 is without a single novelty—there are pictures of lions, tigers, &c. and brief definitions and descriptions of them, prefaced by a familiar life and portrait of Cuvier. No. 3 is as mediocre as its purpose, and very well in its way: and the same may truly be said of Nos. 4, 5, and 6. In short, there is nothing which has not been better done before by much more able writers; and we at least, whatever the public may be, are heartily tired of taking the mixtures more and more diluted.

*Contarini Fleming.* By the Author of "Vivian Grey." 2d edition. 4 vols. 12mo. London, 1834. Moxon.

WE endeavoured to do some justice to the great beauty and originality of this work when it first appeared; and our favourable opinion is more than confirmed by a second perusal. *Contarini Fleming* is at once a vivid picture and a thoughtful analysis of the poetic temperament. The fever, the false hope, blending with a high and on-looking ambition—the keen vanity and strong feeling peculiar to an imaginative character—are drawn with both power and truth. Mr. D'Israeli alludes to the objections made to the introduction of the travels. His own reason, that they were essential to the development of the hero's mind, is reason sufficient. We must, however, add another, which is, their own animated and picturesque style. We quote, in conclusion, the

MACHINE is doing in the nineteenth. Each represents an era in the diffusion of knowledge: and each may be taken as a symbol of the intellectual character of the age of its employment." We fancy the printing-press did marvelous little for the instruction of the masses in the fifteenth century—though rather more than this "printing-machine" is likely to do for the nineteenth. The rest of the sentence is—stuff.

\* Why they call our sheet a newspaper, and deny that their sheets are so, is rather a mystery.



singularly happy epithets which characterise the appearance of two celebrated cities of the East, where he says, "Athens is the beautiful, as Jerusalem is the sublime."

*The History and Principles of Banking.* By J. W. Gilbart, Manager of the London and Westminster Bank. 8vo. pp. 220. London, 1834. Longman and Co.

COMBINING a clear appreciation of the science of banking, a very important branch of commercial interest and political economy, with the best practical knowledge of his business, we have seen no work on this subject which better deserves to be consulted and studied than Mr. Gilbart's volume. We regret that the nature of the able exposition puts it out of our power to attempt an analysis.

*Sir W. Scott's Poetical Works. Vol. X. The Lord of the Isles.* Edinburgh, Cadell.

RESEMBLING the preceding volume, Rokeby, in its notes and illustrations, the *Lord of the Isles* has an appendix of a few miscellaneous poems, well known through the periodical press, though hitherto unpublished in any collection of Sir Walter Scott's works. We rejoice to see an edition of his miscellaneous writings announced as a fit companion to the novels and poems.

*Adam, the Gardener.* By C. C. Clarke, author of "Tales in Prose from Chaucer," &c. 12mo. pp. 279. London, 1834. E. Wilson.

A RIGHT tone of feeling renders this volume, in a moral sense, what its pleasantly conveyed intelligence on gardening, &c. renders it in a horticultural and botanical sense,—a most agreeable publication for young and old. It describes the rural labours of a boy under the direction of his father, and his in-door recreations, together with his brothers and sisters, under that of an excellent mother, during every month of the year. The design is good, and the execution deserving of every praise.

*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, Vol. II.*

ONE of the most successful and meritorious of the cheap weekly miscellanies, collected into a volume, from Nos. 53 to 104. Poetry, tales, sketches, articles of instruction, &c. are put together with taste and judgment; and the whole is very deserving of the extensive popularity these papers have obtained.

*The Mirror. Vol. XXII. July to December 1833.* London, Limbird.

WITH a portrait of Captain Ross for its frontispiece, we again welcome this, the oldest and probably the best of our cheap patriots. Always on the alert to look out for subjects of pictorial and literary interest, the *Mirror* has continued to present them to its subscribers in a form quite surprising when the price of the publication is considered. But to us its grand recommendation has always been this:—though as full of information and interest as the foremost of its rivals, it has never set up for a medium of national instruction, but contented itself with the character of being what it is, a very pleasing, entertaining, and intelligent miscellany.

*Montgomery's Oxford.* 3d Edition, 8vo. pp. 108. Oxford, 1834. Slatter.

WE rejoice to see Mr. Montgomery's volumes still verifying, by their increasing circulation, the correctness of our judgment upon his poetical genius. With such faults of youth and

inexperience in composition as we honestly pointed out, that he also possessed the sterling ore, without which all attempt at writing is but vanity, is proven in the best manner by the success of his works. If we did not like the last so well as its predecessors, it may, perhaps, be the fault of the subject, or its not being so congenial as others to the author's mind. This third edition of *Oxford* is farther recommended by two interesting sketches of Canning and Shelley.

*The Family Expositor. Vol. II. A Continuation of Dr. Doddridge's History of our Lord Jesus Christ, &c.* 8vo. pp. 593. London, 1834, Bell; Dublin, Curry; Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd.

THIS second volume of a valuable republication needs no recommendation of ours—it is a part of the design for a library of family divinity, at an extremely cheap rate, such as to ensure it, we trust, a very extensive circulation.

*Adam's Roman Antiquities.* Edited by Dr. James Boyd. Pp. 528. London, 1834. Tegg.

A NEW edition of a justly esteemed work for schools, and more mature reference. It is of a convenient size, and illustrated by many wood and steel engravings.

*The Romance of History. France. Vol. I.* By Leitch Ritchie. London, 1834. Bull and Churton.

A FAIR continuation of the new, and cheap, and neat edition of these romances.

*מדרש בליים An English and Hebrew Lexicon.* By Michael Josephs. Part I. London, 1833. Richardson.

IN the compilation of this dictionary the author has displayed considerable erudition and industry. It will prove a very useful auxiliary to the Hebraist in his studies of the sacred language of Scripture. A work as copious and accurate as the present was much wanted, and we are happy to recommend it to our readers.

*אמנות ישראל The Faith of Israel, selected from the Writings of the most eminent divine Philosophers and Commentators.* By Rabbi Tobias Goodman. No. IX. London, A. M. 5594. Daniel.

NOT having seen any of the preceding Nos. of Rabbi Goodman's publication, we do not understand what is the drift of it; but as one more No. is, we see, to complete the work, if he will send us a complete copy, we shall do him the favour to look over it, and give him our opinion of its merits.

*History of England by Hume and Smollett.* A new edition, in monthly volumes. Edited by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D. Vol. I. Valpy.

ANOTHER of the republications, in conformity, we must suppose, with the public demand. It is unexceptionable; and, being a copy of one of the best histories ever written, must be acceptable wherever it finds its way. As connected with the general subject of literature, to which we have endeavoured to attract attention, we may, possibly, refer to it again.

*The Wedding Gown; a Comedy. Miller's Acting Drama.* London, 1834. Miller.

THERE is a great deal of wit and a great deal of sentiment in this very pretty drama, which reads very pleasingly. The dialogue has Mr.

Jerrold's usual point and neatness, though we could have spared one or two "very fine sentences indeed;" but the galleries, like other gods, exact their incense.

*Diamond Bible, Vol. I. With Notes by the Rev. H. Stebbing.* London, 1834. Allan, Bell, and Co.; Simpkin and Marshall.

AN extremely neat volume; appropriately illustrated by engravings after celebrated pictures, and by still more valuable notes by the able editor, who has also consulted the highest sources for his contributions.

*Consolations in Affliction.* By J. M. L. 24mo. pp. 246. Dublin, 1834. Wakeman.

INSPIRED by the loss of a beloved father and brother, these are brief but touching and holy compositions in prose and verse; all pointing beyond the grave to that peace which is only in heaven. We copy the first stanza of an address to "the Pulse," as a specimen of the writer's talents.

"What art thou, mysterious beating?  
Still thy little strokes repeating;  
Night by night, and day by day,  
Fluttering with perpetual play  
Through the arteries, when the veins  
Thrill with joy, or throb with pains;  
Striking measured signals now—  
Silent movement, what art thou?"

Feeling, piety, and the beauties of religion, eloquently expressed and described, are the sure recommendations of this sweet little volume.

*The History of Switzerland, &c., from the German.* By H. Zschokke. Pp. 395. London, 1834. Wilson.

WE do not understand what to make of this volume, having reviewed it, in our No. 877, as published by Sauerländer, of Frankfort, and Ackermann, London, (see *Lit. Gaz.* for 1833, p. 710.) This appears to be the same thing, with the name of another London publisher.

*The Lives of the Apostles, &c.; the Second Volume of the Cabinet Library of Divinity.* By the Rev. R. Cattermole and H. Stebbing. London, 1834. Hatchard and Son.

The introductory essay is from the pen of Mr. Stebbing; and worthy of his sacred functions and talents. The body of the volume is a portion of Cave's *Antiquitates Apostolicæ*; and very fit for this publication.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

HIS Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex in the chair.—The reading of Dr. Wilson Phillips' paper, entitled an inquiry into the nature of death, was concluded. The author observes, that before death the action of the capillary vessels is the first to fail; of the brain, the sensitive function is the first, the vital the last;—but an epitome of this paper is suited only to the pages of a medical journal. A short paper, with tables on tides, by Mr. Lubbock, was also read. This communication contains a number of observations in opposition and conjunction; the difference between these and former observations is small. Appended are a few remarks by Sir John Hall, of St. Katharine's Docks, respecting the influence of the winds on tides in the port of London. He states that a tide makes sooner and rises higher under the effect of a north-westerly gale, and *vice versa* south-west. A portion of a paper descriptive of the operations adopted for the recovery of the specie and other property on board His Majesty's ship *Thetis*,

which sunk some time ago in Thetis Cove, on the South American coast, was also read.

## LINNEAN SOCIETY.

Mr. LAMBERT in the chair.—Lord Grey of Groby, and Captain R. Hoare, R.N., were proposed as fellows. The conclusion of M. Schomburgk's paper, on remarkable trees in different parts of the world, was read. The personal observations of the author in this communication chiefly refer to a silk-cotton tree (*Bombax heptaphyllum*) of gigantic dimensions, growing near the town of the island of St. Thomas, West Indies. The circumference of the trunk of this tree is 34½ feet, and its branches extend in a horizontal direction to 120 feet: they are destitute of leaves, except at the extremities, but this deficiency of foliage is amply supplied by the innumerable creepers and parasitic plants which cover its trunk and branches, and which, when in flower, by the diversity of their forms and colours, give to the whole a singular and imposing appearance.

## ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Mr. DENT on the nature of the balance-spring of timekeepers, and the effect of changes of temperature on them, and the means of compensating errors. The lecturer exhibited models of the first attempts to return the vibration of the balance, by Hook; and it appeared from them that it is accomplished in all watches made at the present time by the same spring, both in shape and material, as he left it in the year 1656.

It is called the balance-spring on account of its being attached to the balance, the vibration of which is returned by this spring; for, as gravity causes the pendulum to oscillate, so this spring acts on the balance, and may be called an artificial gravity. The first model shewed that Hook called nature to his aid by endeavouring to produce a return of the balance by magnetic influence, that of the balance being repelled by similar poles. The second model represented his next attempt, which was by a thread applied on the axis of the balance and attached to a straight spring; and the third model the application of the steel spiral spring (as was before alluded to) in all watches manufactured at the present time. Mr. Dent proved that the errors of this spring, arising from a change of temperature, were of two kinds; first, from direct expansion; secondly, from loss of elasticity; and that the greatest amount arose from the latter cause. Supposing a balance-spring to be six inches long, and from a table of expansion for sixty-eight degrees of Fahrenheit it lengthened twenty-two thousandths of an inch, and the spring is shortened twenty-two thousandths of an inch, the timekeeper should be going to correct time at the highest points. But this is not the fact; the quantity required to be shortened, beyond the known quantity for direct expansion, is twenty-five times more than is due to the direct expansion of the spring; and this excess is to correct for the loss of elasticity or strength which is lost by the heat of the spring being increased. To illustrate this, Mr. Dent shewed three timekeepers, each with glass disks, one chronometer having a steel, another a gold, and the third a glass balance-spring; and assuming no error to arise from the expansion of the balances, and that on reducing the rate of each as keeping mean time at thirty-two of Fahrenheit, he should know what was the actual loss of error arising from the thermometer being raised to one

hundred on each particular spring: he exhibited the following table:—

Gold, 32 to 100 .....	8'	4"	per day.
Steel, ditto .....	6	8	do.
Glass, ditto .....	0	40	do.

By which it was manifest that glass does not lose its elasticity by heat as compared with the metal generally used for the balance-springs—that the experiments tried by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, on board His Majesty's ship *Excellent*, established the point of its being capable of resisting the concussion arising from the discharge of guns. And in the event of glass being found applicable to chronometers, it will have the following advantages:—that the error arising from change of temperature is the least; that its elasticity is not given to it by any particular process; that it is not susceptible of magnetism; that its figure cannot be disturbed by tension; and that its specific gravity is the least of any metal used for the balance-spring. And this, it is presumed, is the only attempt yet made to reduce the errors of the spring since its introduction by Hook in the year 1650.—In the library there were exhibited twelve curious specimens of ancient watch-work; also some specimens of fish enclosed in limestone, from Monte Balca, in the north of Italy, &c.

Mr. Faraday on the principle and action of Ericsson's caloric engine. This engine is founded on the expansion of air by heat; but is considered as depending for its economical application upon a method of taking away the heat from that portion of air which, having been previously heated, has passed through the larger or expansion cylinder, and done its duty; and giving it to that portion of air which is in its course from the smaller, or cold cylinder, to the larger one, and which is to be heated, that it may do duty. The part of the engine in which this interchange of heat is effected is called the regenerator. The principle consists in causing the air to pass in two counter currents, the one of air to be cooled, the other of air to be heated: the currents are separated by the sides of thin metallic tubes, and the course of the air is broken in these tubes to such a degree by partial diaphragms, that every particle comes in contact with the metallic partition, and rapidly changes in temperature. The effectual performance of this part of the apparatus was shewn by several well-arranged pieces of mechanism, the air being tested for temperature either by thermometers, or by phosphorus, &c., which by inflaming, or not inflaming, rendered the results very evident. The next point was to shew how the air, thus expanded by heat, is made to become effectual as a meter. Two cylinders, with their two pistons, are associated, so that the difference in power between them is that applicable to any required purpose. The smaller cylinder, which is opposed in the direction of its forces to the larger, may be considered as the feed-pump, and is always cold; the other being always retained at a high temperature. A movable diagram was necessary to illustrate this arrangement. A five-horse-power engine has been constructed, and works very regularly; a fifty-horse-power one is in construction, and is to be tried, as respects its power, by pumping water. Mr. Faraday appeared very anxious to refer to a proof of this kind;—he said that in no case ought a strong opinion to be given regarding the probable practice of a proposed engine without a working proof.

In the library were many curious and highly interesting subjects. Amongst them, Lord By-

ron's MSS. of the *Giaour*, and others of his works; also a specimen of *nicotin* from tobacco, laid on the table by Mr. Gibbs.

## MEDICO-BOTANICAL AND LONDON MEDICAL SOCIETIES.

*Tea and Coffee, their use and abuse: Spurious Tea.*—We subjoin a condensed report (for which we are obliged to a correspondent), of the discussions at the above Societies on this important subject, without pledging ourselves to all the conclusions of the faculty. Dr. Uwins and Mr. Cole thought that much evil resulted from the excessive use of tea and coffee; taken in excess they were found to operate as powerful and decided stimulants: by their action on the nervous and sanguiferous systems they occasion a temporary flow of spirits, and banish all desire for sleep: this state of excitement, however, speedily subsides, and is followed by languor and palpitation of the heart, irregular breathing, and uneasiness in the region of the precordia; in some constitutions the symptoms are still more violent,—the pulse becomes irregular and feeble, the extremities cold, pain and an uneasy sensation are felt at the pit of the stomach, and even syncope follows. Shortly after, a desire for sleep presents itself; but the slumbers are troubled and uneasy, and the face and limbs suffer from spasmodic twitchings. These consequences of the over-use of tea and coffee are to be accounted for by referring to the habits and idiosyncrasy of the individual; and in such cases the only relief which can be obtained must result from the party abstaining from the use of those articles of diet, and substituting some other in their place. A most important question in state medicine arises from a review of this subject; viz. whether the introduction of tea and coffee into general use is to be regarded as beneficial to the community, or otherwise? In many parts of France and Italy tea is classed by the excise in the list of drugs, is kept in bottles on the shelves of the apothecary, forms no part of the stock of the grocer, and is even anathematized by the lecturer on *hygiene* as unfitted for ordinary consumption. It is, therefore, placed by common consent in the custody of the physician, to be dealt with as a remedial agent, *secundum artem*. Whether they manage these things best in France or in England remains to be seen. Mr. Cole thinks it probable that the great increase which has taken place in diseases of the heart in this country, may be referred to the abuse of this beverage. He considers green tea to be productive of more uneasiness and excitement than black, and regards coffee as ranking next in this respect. With regard to *spurious* tea, Professor Burnett has proved that the practice is very common of adding the leaves of the sloe, the apple, the hawthorn, and the elm, to the Chinese leaf. This spurious addition resembles the real tea so exactly, that the most experienced examiners at the India House were at fault in detecting the adulteration; even chemical analysis failed to expose the fraud, inasmuch as the constituents of the British leaves were similar to those of the genuine herb imported from the Celestial Empire. The botanist alone succeeded in detecting the sophistication, and this he effected by his knowledge of the distinctive characters of each particular leaf. In order to impose upon the public, the spurious leaves are placed upon plates of heated iron and carefully rolled, so as to correspond with the genuine tea. It is then mixed with it, in the proportion of one part to three, and put into circulation. Professor

Burnett drank some of this tea, which affected him with slight nausea. He thought the flavour mauish and disagreeable in comparison with that of the real tea.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED. ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

**FEB. 5th.**—Col. Leake in the chair. Part of a memoir on the "Birds" of Aristophanes, by Mr. Süvern, published in the Transactions of the Royal Academy of Berlin in the year 1830, and translated and adapted by Mr. Hamilton, was read. Most of the critics who have preceded Mr. Süvern, in commenting upon this remarkable play, have agreed in the conclusion, that, unlike the greater part of the works of its author, the Birds is without a definite internal object, being merely a pleasant and laughable display of the freaks of an unbridled fancy, expatiating among the follies of mankind. That such an opinion is wholly erroneous, is strikingly shewn by the present writer. Notwithstanding the peculiar characteristics by which the three main divisions of the *dramatis personæ*, namely, the birds, the gods, and the men, are strictly preserved, and portrayed in the liveliest manner; yet they are all alike Athenians, and are intended to represent the peculiar corruption and levity which pervaded the moral and political character of that people. But, besides this general object of the drama, a particular historical one is throughout combined and incorporated with it. This comedy was exhibited at Athens in the 3d year of the 91st Olympiad, which was the 18th of the Peloponnesian war, and the year following the departure of the great Sicilian expedition, the issue of which was still uncertain; for the Salaminian galley, which had been despatched to bring back Alcibiades, in order to his being brought to trial, had not yet returned. It is this event, therefore, with which every class of the Athenian citizens was then intently occupied, which supplies the particular historical sense of the composition. The folly and danger of that famous undertaking are satirically exposed in the progress of the scenes, and the attention of the light and ductile Athenians turned to those ulterior ambitious designs of Alcibiades and his party, at that time only suspected by a few of the more intelligent and sagacious citizens, which that leader afterwards acknowledged, when he had obtained an asylum from the indignation of his countrymen among the Spartans.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

**MR. HAMILTON** in the chair.—The Dean of Wells communicated a short note relative to the crossier found near the Cathedral of Wells, and exhibited last week, stating, that on shewing it to Mr. Douce, and some other antiquaries, they had considered the workmanship to be that of the latter end of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century; and it probably belonged to Severicus, bishop of that diocese in 1192. Mr. Gage also communicated a note to the same effect, and added, that the crossier was in many respects similar to one which belonged to an ancestor of Sir Samuel R. Meyrick, and now in his possession. Mr. Akermann exhibited a small bronze head, forming a box, with a sliding opening at the back, and a gold ring, both found in excavating a sewer in Eastcheap, near St. Clement's Lane. Part was read of a paper by Mr. Ottley, on the subject of ancient books and their illuminations. He observed that the ancient painters represented all their figures in the costume and

fashion of their own time, whatever might be the period referred to, which was of essential service in ascertaining the age of books. He then referred particularly to a manuscript in the British Museum—Cicero's translation of the constellations of Aratus,\* written in minuscular characters, and which some have supposed not to be older than the tenth or eleventh century; but which Mr. Ottley considers, from the boldness and excellence of the drawings, and other circumstances, to be an original Roman manuscript, written before the age of Constantine.

**FEB. 20.** Mr. Amyott in the chair.—Mr. Nicholls presented a fine engraving of a statue of Sir Joseph Banks, by Chantrey, presented to the British Museum by the surviving friends of Sir Joseph.—Mr. Gage communicated an account of a further excavation in one of the barrows on the Bartlow Hills, but on that occasion nothing material was discovered.—A further portion was read of Mr. Ottley's learned and curious dissertation on ancient MSS., in which he quoted a vast number of authors on the materials anciently used for writing on, viz. paper, wax, tablets, &c. In illustration of his subject, Mr. Ottley exhibited several very curious and elaborate fac-similes of ancient writing.

#### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

**SIR A. JOHNSTON** in the chair. Among the donations laid on the table were the following:—From the chairman, a series of papers relating to certain cases heard in appeal from India before the Privy Council; from Capt. Harkness a curious and valuable drawing of the Seringam Temple, by a native artist; and a massive silver chain for the neck, worn by the natives of the Nilagiri hill: he also laid on the table, in the names of T. Venkatachala Mudeliar and Visvambra Sastry, copies of works prepared by them for the use of the native students in the college of Fort St. George. Captain Grindlay presented an original painting of the Byruggi, or Hindoo devotee. The thanks of the Society were ordered to be returned to the donors.

**JAMES BIRD, Esq.,** surgeon in the East India Company's establishment at Bombay, was proposed, and, as a member of the Bombay Branch Royal Asiatic Society, immediately balloted for, and elected a resident member. Mr. Bird then read to the meeting part of an essay introductory to a translation of the *Mirât i Ahmadi*, a history of Guzerat, which he has executed, and forming an historical illustration of the constitution of Hindoo society, and the state of India, from the end of the tenth to the beginning of the thirteenth century.

Mr. Bird commences his paper by some remarks on the obscurity in which the history of the period above mentioned is involved, owing to the confusion of the legendary accounts of the Hindús, and the want of data to fix with accuracy the chronology of events. So blended with mythology are their traditions, that this may be said to be the case with respect to even comparatively recent times; and were it not for the assistance afforded by the copper-plate grants of land, and the annals of the Muhammedans, there would be little which could be depended on with certainty. With reference to this period, even the Moslem writers give merely a catalogue of those rajas who opposed the progress of their invaders, the sovereigns of Ghizni and Ghor. After some further observations on the want of historical works

among the Hindús, the author explains the geography of the western part of India as known to the ancient Sanscrit writers; and notices the first irruption of the Muhammedans under Subuktagin, by whom the Hindús were defeated with great slaughter, in A.D. 997, near Lumhán: to this he appends an inquiry into the causes of the inferiority of the Hindús in war to the Muhammedans, leading to a consideration of the state of Hindustan in general at that time: he then relates the several invasions of Mahmúd of Ghizni; at which point the reading was terminated. It was announced that it would be resumed at the next general meeting.

An interesting series of portraits of natives of the Nilagiri hills, executed by a gentleman of the Madras army residing there, was exhibited in the meeting-room.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

OUR notice has again been attracted to this Public Building, if we may call one so privately commenced, by learning that the first stone was laid on Wednesday, without any ceremony whatever; not even the architect attending, but keeping every thing a mystery and a secret, like the rest of the proceedings with this design! Who would fancy the foundation of a *Royal Academy* and *National Gallery* laid in private? It is truly very new as well as very odd *Hole* and *Corner* work!

##### BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[Third notice.]

**No. 244.** *The Pony stopping to drink against the wish of the Rider.* T. Woodward.—There is more fun than fear expressed by the country lass, as she endeavours to thwart the will of her steed. We believe this is the third time our artist has repeated subjects composed of horses and brooks, though with variations; should he be inclined to a fourth, we recommend the following fact to his attention:—A countryman returning home by moonlight, after having taken his full share of ale, his horse, stopping at a pond, proceeded to take his full share of water, and in so doing pitched his rider over his head. The pond not being deep, the man soon recovered himself, and catching hold of the bridle of his nag, exclaimed, "Dom thee! can't thee drink without a sop?"

**No. 211.** *Guilt and Innocence.* J. R. Herbert.—A fine example of contrast, as well as of deep pathos. The idea may have been taken from the design of Retsch, in his illustration of Faust; but that detracts nothing from the powerful interest Mr. Herbert has given to his subject. The imagination is left (as it ought to be) to conjecture the expression in the guilty female, who kneels before an image of immaculate purity.

**No. 236.** *Scene from the Merry Wives of Windsor.* A. W. Colcott, R.A.—We had hardly expected from this oft-repeated subject, in which the character of Slender takes so prominent a part, a new feature in the expression and action of the silly lover; but it has been brought out with good success by the intelligent artist, who seldom aims but he hits the mark.

**No. 283.** *A Sketch made for the Sacred Annual.* W. Etty, R.A.—A very sublime conception of the sacred subject, where the angels at the tomb are seen by the Marys after the resurrection of Christ. These supernatural and visionary beings are treated as such, and with more skill than we remember to have seen in any former representation of them.

\* A Greek poet and astronomer.



No. 185, *The Hen-Coop*; No. 210, *The Perch-Fisher*. James Inskipp. — Were we inclined to draw an inference from the paintings of an artist as to his general character and disposition, we should say of Mr. Inskipp, that there was both vivacity and ardour in his composition. His pictures are full of spirit, and are invariably striking in effect; but a little more care in the detail of the countenance and features of his subjects would certainly add to the merit of his works.

No. 379. *Harvest-Field*. F. R. Lee. — An object always grateful to contemplate. Its associations, its accessories, embrace matters interesting to high and low; and under the pencil of this able artist, they are seen to great advantage. In the same spirit we view No. 352, *Landscape, Cattle, and Figures*, also by Mr. Lee.

No. 367. *The Young Amateur*. J. Hollins. — Whether as a subject, or characteristic portrait, this performance claims attention, as well by its graceful contour, as by its effect of chiaro-scuro.

The Mantel and its vicinity, as usual, abounds with attractive and cabinet-finished art. Some of these have already been noticed; and would our limits permit, there are few among them that do not deserve to have their particular merits pointed out. As it is, we must be content to give, by title and name, some of the most striking; viz. *A Landscape*, R. T. Bone; *Valentine, enamel*, H. P. Bone; *Pantheon at Rome*, G. Jones, R.A.; *Gathering Flowers*, W. Etty, R.A.; *Formaline on the Ythan*, J. Giles; *Grotto of Paussilippo*, G. Jones, R.A.; *An Interior of a Cathedral*, F. W. Reynolds; *Ferretting Rabbits*, A. Cooper, R.A.; *View on Wimbledon Common*, A. Vickers, sen.; &c. &c.

The Keeper's desk is in like manner studded with gems; among them will be found, *The Eagle's Nest*, E. Landseer, R.A.; *Shooting Pony, Spaniels, and Game*, A. Cooper, R.A.; *His most gracious Majesty William the Fourth, enamel*, H. P. Bone. There are also *Enamels after Paintings of Gainsborough and A. Cooper*, W. Essex; *A View of Ben Lovers*, Copley Fielding; *A small Study from the Head of a Charity Girl*, G. F. Joseph, A.R.A.; *View from the Foot of Shooter's Hill*, A. Vickers, sen.; *Children on the Coast*, H. Platt; and *Retirement*, R. T. Bone.

[To be continued.]

#### ARTISTS' COLLEGE.

A GENERAL meeting of artists and friends of the arts was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on the evening of Saturday the 15th instant, for the purpose of receiving the report of a committee on the propriety of founding a college for decayed artists in the neighbourhood of the metropolis.

Benjamin B. Cabbell, Esq., having been called to the chair, briefly explained the object in view. Adverting to the two institutions for similar purposes already in existence, namely, the Artists' Benevolent Fund, and the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, he observed that the object of the first was to provide for the widows of the artists who were connected with it, and that of the second to give temporary relief to artists in distress. The object of the institution now contemplated was to afford permanent relief to decayed artists. The Secretary then read the report of the committee, which stated that in their opinion the establishment of the Institution in question was highly desirable, and entered into various details as to the best mode of effecting the purpose.

Mr. H. Sass inquired if any sum had been given or bequeathed which might serve as a nucleus on which to proceed. He objected to the term "College," which was generally understood to apply to a seminary of education.

The Chairman answered, that it was difficult to conceive how any sum should have been given or bequeathed to an institution which was not yet in existence. As to the name, that, like every other part of the proposition, was open to revision and alteration.

Mr. Clint, A.R.A., moved that the report of the committee be received and adopted.

Mr. A. Robertson was of opinion that the proposed institution was neither practicable nor expedient. If to the two charitable funds connected with the arts which already existed, it were attempted to add a third, he was apprehensive that the public would think that the artists were insatiable in their demands upon general benevolence; and that not only would the immediate purpose be found unattainable, but that the proposition would be injurious to the two established funds.

Mr. Woodman (a member of the committee) maintained both the practicability and the expedience of the projected institution. It was proposed to erect a series of buildings, each containing three rooms; and it had been estimated that the sum of five thousand pounds would suffice for ten or twelve such tenements. He did not think that either the love of art, or the feeling of benevolence, had decreased so much in this country as to render it impracticable to raise that sum. The expediency of the measure was evident from the fact, known to him and others, that at the present moment there were many artists in London to whom it would be an object to obtain even a shelter from the weather.

Mr. Davies observed that five thousand pounds would erect twenty tenements such as had been described.

Mr. Douglas Guest hailed the proposition as pregnant with benefits to those engaged in the fine arts. Every trade in London had its charitable institutions, why should artists be without theirs?

Mr. H. Sass contended that the information which had been laid before the meeting was insufficient to qualify them to judge upon the subject; and moved an amendment to that effect to the motion for receiving and adopting the report of the committee.

Mr. A. Robertson seconded the amendment. It would be time enough to begin to build when they found themselves in possession of funds, which his experience led him to fear would not be easily obtained. In Edinburgh a Mr. Spalding had bequeathed ten thousand pounds to the artists of that place. If they could find two or three Spaldings in London, or if they were to apply successfully to some wealthy artist (and they were all aware whether or not there were many such), to remember them in his will (a laugh), the plan might answer. Under any circumstances, however, the members of the committee were entitled to great praise for their zealous and benevolent exertions.

Mr. Clint, in proof of the expediency of the proposed institution, mentioned the painful fact, that an engraver of considerable talents had died not long ago in Covent Garden workhouse. Originally he had himself thought that this third institution might injure those already existing; but he had since changed his opinion. He believed that there was a class of persons in this country yet untouched, who, if properly applied to, would cheerfully come forward in aid of such an undertaking. A beginning

might be made, even with the sum of two thousand five hundred pounds. The project was in consonance to English feeling; and millions of English money had been spent upon similar establishments. Why had not the artists of England reason to expect as much support from the opulent and benevolent as any other class of the community?

After some further conversation, Mr. Sass's amendment was put, and negatived by a large majority. Another amendment, however, proposed by Mr. Wagstaffe, limiting the adoption by the meeting to that part of the report of the committee which stated generally that the projected institution was highly desirable, was agreed to; and a committee of twenty-four (with power to add to their number\*) was appointed to consider the best means of carrying the object into effect.

Mr. Phillips, R.A., being proposed as a member of the committee, declined to act. He trusted it was well known that he could have no hostility to any measure which might be considered beneficial to art and to artists (hear! hear! hear!); but he agreed with his friend Robertson, that as two institutions already existed, a third might look like an encroachment on public support. At the same time, he was prepared to countenance any plan that might prove the most advantageous.

Thanks were then voted to the chairman, who made a very neat speech in acknowledgment of the honour; and the meeting adjourned to Saturday the 15th of March.

For our own part, (adds our trusted and able friend upon whom much of our criticism, &c. connected with the Fine Arts devolves, and whose opinions we never take upon ourselves to alter,) although it is impossible to doubt that this proposition has originated in the kindest and most praiseworthy motives, we confess that we cannot speak of it with approbation. The benevolent funds already existing for the relief of distressed artists and their families, have always received from us the warmest support; and we should be rejoiced to see their means extended, so as to enable them to comprehend all (and we fear and know they are not few in number) to whom their assistance would be beneficial. We should regret, therefore, the occurrence of any circumstance which might by possibility endanger the prosperity of those funds. But that is not all. The comparative privacy with which pecuniary aid is afforded by the institutions to which we have adverted, like that which attends the operations of the equally excellent Literary Fund, is grateful to the objects of it, and creditable to its dispensers. But in the proposed "college" there will be an open display of pauperism, which, honouring and respecting the fine arts and their professors as we do, we cannot contemplate without strong repugnance. Men of genius and talents, whose minds have been refined, and whose delicacy of feeling has been rendered acute by a long indulgence in the pursuits of literature or taste, ought not to be exposed to that public humiliation, of which individuals made of different materials, and who have been engaged in the coarser and less intellectual occupations of life, are scarcely, if at all, sensible.

\* Would it not have been better to have given the committee power to diminish their number? We have had some experience in such matters, and we have invariably found, that the greater the number of the members of a committee, the less rapidly and the less satisfactorily has the business before them been accomplished. Five, or seven, are abundantly sufficient for all practical purposes. — Ed. L. G.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Fairy Mab.* H. Fuseli, R.A. pinx.; W. Raddon sculp. Ackermann and Co.

WHEN we have praised the general effect, and the lively expression of the youthful head, we have said all that we can say favourably of this little composition; for it is impossible to look at such affected distortion of body, limb, and finger, without disgust. The perspective too is abominable. We must, however, do Mr. Raddon the justice to add, that he has performed his part in a manner highly creditable to him.

## DRAMA.

## COVENT GARDEN AND DRURY LANE.

THE double-drum-dramatic goes on beating the same réveille. *The Minister and the Mercer* (now said to be translated by Mr. Bunn, and not by Mrs. Gore, as given out) and *Saint George* every night at Drury Lane; and the *Revolt of the Harem*, except *Gustavus* on Mondays, every night at Common Garden. When the people are, or are said to be, tired of these novelties, it is supposed there may be something else. But this requires management. For while any piece draws at either theatre, the actors cannot be spared to the other; and thus if pageant is wanted at Drury Lane, Covent Garden must have something with less show; and if singing is required at Covent Garden, why Drury Lane must go with a deficient orchestra, the music reduced, and the vocalists absent. When the girls are bathing in the *Harem*,\* they cannot be processioning with *Saint George*: in short, the audiences are getting so accustomed to see scenes, characters, songs, &c. &c. &c. omitted, while those who should fill them are engaged elsewhere, that we are not aware of its ever being noticed in these critical times! The performers are nearly all doubles at least, and cannot be in two places at once, like Irish birds; and the only compensation is, that the play-bills are double too, though the managers have shabbily given up the Bartholomew-show pictures.

The Bishop of London † has, it is said, interfered, and procured the prohibition of acted oratorios on sacred subjects being performed during Lent at Covent Garden. Accordingly, *Jephtha's Rash Vow* was not produced on Wednesday, on the same stage where the ladies of the *Harem* took their modest bath the night before and the night after.

## ADELPHI.

THE Adelphi is unconscionable. Not content with making the utmost money which houses crowded nightly must bring to the treasury in a regular manner, they take advantage of what is Lent. Every Wednesday and Friday we find bumpers to witness the fine tableaux, which are really very striking (Gallot's Ugolesino is particularly admirable), with Miss Daly, Mrs. Honey, &c.; and also to feel with Mrs. Yates's recitation of "Collins's Ode to the Passions," laugh with Yates in his humorous reminiscences, in which he is now quite mellow and effective, be amused with Reeve's intermediate, and charmed with Child's visions. The whole night's entertainments leave nothing to be wished.

\* We see the Fitzroy announces the *Revolt of the Work-house*: a good idea of a burlesque on this usurpation of the thrones of Tragedy and Comedy.

† N.B. The Bishop of London is not Bishop the composer, nor any connexion of his.

## VICTORIA.

THE Victoria has this week made a strong, and, we rejoice to say, a superior and most successful effort. On Tuesday a clever farce, by the author of *Captain Stevens*, entitled *Frank Fox Phipps, Esq.*, gave us several original and well-delineated characters, which were extremely well played. Forrester, as Mr. Phipps, a determined stickler to the tables of his friends, *vulgo* a bore, fastens himself on Peter Popkins, Williams, whose very life, haunted by this eternal shadow, becomes a perfect burden to him. His wife and daughter, however, Mrs. Garrick and Miss P. Horton, are more favourable to the penniless lounge; and Miss Horton, as Fanny Tritter, a lady's maid, specially addicted to speak and misapply French—"pour vive,"—and Latham, as Spicy, the very pink of a gentleman's gentleman; fill up the broad humours of the scene in a very laughable manner.

A merry farce, not borrowed from Paris, like Fanny Tritter's *parley-vous*—which, as Spicy says, is neither French nor English—is a credit to the theatre; but on Wednesday it was followed by a production of a higher caste, which redounded much more to its honour. The *Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*—much altered and improved by Mr. Sheridan Knowles—drew a bumper house, and completely gratified it. This pleasing romance of the age of Queen Bess has all the dramatic interest that is required; and to that interest the genius of the author has superadded many a beautiful touch of poetry and feeling. It is what the national drama ought to be—an English subject, by an English author, for the English stage; the offspring of original mind, full of merit, and every way fitted to entertain the audience, upon whom it at the same time enforced just, noble, generous, and moral sentiments. What a contrast to spectacles which no modest woman can look on without the blush of shame, and the painful sense of her sex's degradation! See the graceful and natural demeanour of Miss Jarman in the heroine, and compare it with the meretricious attractions of a foreign dancer; hear her fervent expression of virtuous love, and witness the simple but true delineation of the passions sketched by the poet; and, if you can, then go to and enjoy the sty of indecent exposure and libidinous allurements—it will be a lamentable proof how much public taste has already been corrupted. The other characters are ably sustained. The author himself, as Lord Wilford, is energetic and effective. He has some of the finest passages to deliver, and he delivers them emphatically. Albert, the beggar, is fairly represented by Mr. Wynne; and Emma, his faithful wife, extremely well by Mrs. Oman Hill. It is one of those parts where the performer is much on the stage, and has little to say or do;—such parts are difficult, for it is much easier to manage a good deal with applause, than to get through the quietude of nothing satisfactorily. Mrs. Egerton dressed and looked *Queen Elizabeth* to the life; and, except riding through Temple Bar on horseback, and issuing sundry royal commands, was not called upon to do more. The lower range of the *dramatis personæ* was all that could be desired. Williams, in *Old Small*, the pin-maker, the dotting father, was alike excellent in the pathetic and the ludicrous. Abbott, his son, was worthy of his sire. His thirst of gentility, his personal vanity, and his touches of filial affection and gratitude, were admirably interlaced; while Peter, his serving-man, was so well performed by Latham, that we kept thinking of Meadows all the while, which our readers, who know our opinion of that actor, will perceive to be no small compliment.

Chippendale, the old cobbler, made the most of his two scenes; and so did Forrester of his one, in which he brings about the marriage between *Young Small* and Kate the chamber-maid. This scene is the most amusing of the play; and Kate is very cleverly personated. She has few speeches to make,—but never was the action of eyes, mouth, and other features, more whimsically and expressively employed. We have now only to notice Mrs. Garrick, as the hostess of the Queen's Arms—a well-drawn and pleasing character—which told well throughout the piece. The scenery is good; and three pretty airs are sung by Miss Jarman, Miss P. Horton, and Latham;—the last we thought deserving of more general plaudits than it obtained, though it was very favourably acknowledged.

On the second night, as on the first, the author was demanded, and had to make his appearance and bow. When on the stage, on the first occasion, an off-hand incident occurred, which struck us as being worth all the puffing in the world. Knowles, evidently deeply affected by the applause which had crowned his work, could scarcely articulate his thanks. "Speak up!" cried a rude voice from the gallery.—"It is not easy to speak up," was the low-toned reply, "when the heart is full."\*

## VARIETIES.

*Literary Premier.*—The new premier of Spain, M. Martinez de la Rosa, is a dramatic writer; and even since his accession to power, he has felt the pride of literature so warmly, as to consent to superintend the production of his play, the *Conspiracy of Venice*, on the boards of the principal theatre at Madrid. *Appropos*: A magnificent Opera-house is being built in this capital.

"There are persons with intrinsic differences of character, who, explain as you will, can never understand one another beyond a certain point."—*Helen*.

"London wit is like gas, which lights at a touch, and at a touch can be extinguished."—*Ibid*.

*Climate.*—M. Arago has taken up the opinion, that in France, as Mr. Barrow held had been the case in England, the climate has been gradually becoming less warm; and he supports it by nearly the same arguments, viz. the non-ripening of the fruit of the vine in districts such as Maçon, &c., where wines were formerly made from the matured grape. M. Arago assigns the nearer approach of the north polar ices towards the temperate zone as the cause.

*Niger Expedition.*—A report in the newspapers, that Messrs. Lander and Allan had returned to Fernando Po, on the second of November, all well, is, we have reason to think, premature.

*Tides.*—During the last few weeks, extraordinarily high tides have been experienced in various parts of the European coasts and rivers. England and the opposite continental shores have alike witnessed these phenomena. In Baden the rivers have overflowed their banks, and the shock of a slight earthquake has been felt. [Since writing this paragraph, a fortnight ago, we gather from later accounts, that these overflowing waters have been subsiding within their banks.]

*Grand Musical Festival.*—A grand Festival, on the scale of the famous celebration of Handel, is announced to take place in Westminster Abbey sometime in next July, under

\* We have received the published play too late for extracts this week.

the patronage of his Majesty, and the direction of Sir George Smart. Such an event must make a strong sensation in the musical world, and will, we trust, produce much benefit to it, while it affords an extraordinary gratification to the public. We shall rejoice to see what our national school can do in this noble art, and to enjoy a triumph over all those prejudiced persons who have held the ridiculous opinion, that England, with her climate, was incapable of reaching the highest attributes in music, in painting, in sculpture, or in other great intellectual pursuits. Let us have opportunities and due encouragement, and we will challenge the world.

**M. Bourrienne.**—The author of the celebrated Memoirs, the earlier volumes of which we believe to be historically true, though the later volumes were spun out as a bookselling job, is stated, in the French journals, to have died in the lunatic asylum at Caen. We have heard that he was much addicted to his potations, and, indeed, that the worst portion of his work was extracted from him under their influence. His death in a madhouse is, therefore, not so extraordinary.

**Sion Library.**—The state and possible usefulness of this curious and interesting library have, we observe, attracted the attention of the municipal commissioners in London. We trust that some benefit to the public may be the result; for though the character of the works here collected is of a most valuable description, we will venture to say that hardly one literary man in fifty ever entered within the walls, and that many of its near neighbours are not aware of its existence.

**The Gresham Institution** has also been alluded to by the commissioners: in this, too, there is vast room for improvement. By the will of Sir Thomas Gresham, an estate was left in trust to the corporation and the Mercers' Company, for the delivery of certain lectures on civil law, astronomy, music, divinity, geometry, and other subjects; and for a while these were given by the ablest men, consistently with the intentions of the founder; but now are almost a mere sinecure.

**The Dog and Duck.**—The *Cambrian* newspaper relates a wonderful instance of canine sagacity. The gaoler's dog at Swansea, it seems, walked into the garden one night, and, finding four ducks there, proceeded to bury them alive; in the certain hope, no doubt, of their resurrection at his own fitting season. Unluckily, as there were no green peas ready, he interred one so hastily near an herb-bush (fennel, in mistake for sage), that its head was left out of the ground. On this, however, he placed a tombstone: but ill deeds will rise, in spite of even those precautions which it might be supposed would for ever cover and conceal such quick murders. A voice was heard from under the headstone in the morning, and the whole nefarious transaction brought to light.

**Thelwall and Rickman.**—The newspaper obituary of the week has announced the death, at advanced ages, of Thelwall, so well known in the political world, and of Clío Rickman, still more cosmopolitan in his assumption as "the citizen of the world." Thelwall was a wild and fervent democrat when to hold these doctrines was attended with considerable peril; but we mention him in our page rather in his literary character. He was a clever man; as a lecturer possessed of much ability; and his talent in instructing others in elocution was very considerable; though nothing like that

of our old stage friend Richard Jones. If we may speak from no intimate acquaintance, Mr. Thelwall was agreeable and estimable in private life. Clío Rickman was, we believe, an American. Well do we remember his square, squat figure, ruddy countenance, short jacket, and straw hat, which made him a conspicuous person—"a noticeable man," in the streets of London. He, too, was a bit of a republican, an eccentric character, a little bookseller (i. e. a bookseller in a small way), and an author; for he published sundry productions besides his autobiography. What will the eight Muses do, now Clío is no more? It is as well the Apollo Library had closed before.

**Useful Knowledge.**—A coadjutor called the other day (Wednesday) on one of the leading writers for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and found him exceedingly fatigued with his researches. "Why, what have you been doing," inquired the visitor, "to fatigue your mind so much?" "I have been reading all the advertisements in the double sheet of the *Times*," replied the skilful drudge.

**Extraordinary!**—The *Gloucester Journal* supplies this week a notice of uncommon acuteness and presence of mind, displayed under severe pain. The Rev. Mr. Stephens, having shattered one of his hands dreadfully by the bursting of a gun, had the peculiar good sense to have only "one of his thumbs amputated!"

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

**The Tabula Philologica.**—Under this title, a sheet above five feet in length and three in breadth, on which is engraved (and said to be the largest engraving ever made) "A Synoptic Table of all the Languages of the Universe," by M. Florent Gall, Member of the Académie de Rome, &c., has just been laid before us. It is one of those extraordinary performances which we sometimes see from men who ardently devote many years of unweary industry and patience to one grand object. It is impossible to convey a right notion of this work by any description. De Gobelins, Peloutier, Bailey, Klaproth, Tatham, Young, Champollion, Adelung, Remusat, Humboldt, Balbi, have all been laid under contributions to form its most intelligible and learned part, viz. the deduction of all known tongues, beginning with the personal pronoun I. With regard to the symbolical portions, we cannot undertake to give any account of them. As a mere enumeration of the languages that have been and are spoken on the earth, this production is a philological curiosity and treasure: as such we recommend it to notice. The author appears to have been an enthusiast in the ultra sense of the word; and we are not surprised to learn that he is now in that unhappy state which renders the success of this publication an object of vital interest to his bereft wife and family. For this benevolent reason we would wish to increase the warmth of our recommendation.

Mr. Loudon, whose every work is of public interest and instruction, announces, in monthly Nos. the *Architectural Magazine*, or *Popular Journal of Improvements in Architecture, Building, and Furnishing*, and in the various Arts and Trades more immediately connected therewith.

**Education Reform, or the Necessity and Practicability of a comprehensive System of National Education**, by T. Wyse, jun. late M.P. for the County of Tipperary.—[A most important subject, as our present Number shows; and we shall look with impatience for Mr. Wyse's views.—*Ed. L. G.*]

**Cleone, a Tale of Married Life**, by Mrs. L. Grimstone, author of "Woman's Love," "Character," &c.

A fourth edition of an Attempt to discriminate the Styles of Architecture in England, with Notices of above Three Thousand Edifices, by T. Rickman.

**Original Pieces**, by some of the most eminent Writers of the day, on subjects connected with Slavery and the Emancipated Negroes.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Oxford University Calendar for 1834, 12mo. 6s. cloth.—The Danger of Opening the Ports to Foreign Corn at a Fixed Duty considered, 8vo. 3s. sewed.—A Treatise on an original Plan of Cultivating Cucumbers, Melons, and Sea Kale, by W. E. Allen, 8vo. 5s. sewed.—

\* Published by Richter; Roland; Relfe; and Fletcher.

The Naturalist's Library, by Sir W. Jardine, Vol. IV.: Felinae, with 38 coloured Plates, fcp. 8vo. 6s. cloth.—Twelve Sermons on the Advent, by the Rev. J. H. B. Mountain, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—The Frolics of Puck, 3 vols. 12. 11s. 6d. bds.—Dr. Armstrong's Lectures on the Morbid Anatomy, Nature, and Treatment of Acute and Chronic Diseases, 8vo. 16s. bds.—Sermons contributed by Clergymen of the Church of England in aid of the Irish Clergy, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s. cloth.—The Child at Home, by John Abbott, 32mo. 1s. cloth.—Allan Cunningham's Edition of Burns's Works, Vol. II. 12mo. 5s. cloth.—Kelly's Oriental Metrology, 8vo. reduced to 7s. 6d. bds.—Excursions in the Holy Land, Egypt, Nubia, &c. by John Madox, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 32s. cloth.—London Medical and Surgical Journal, edited by M. Ryan, Vol. IV. 8vo. 14s. cloth.—A Popular Dictionary of Parochial Law and Taxation, by J. H. Brady, 12mo. 8s. 6d. cloth.—A Dictionary of Derivations, by Robert Sullivan, 12mo. 4s. cloth.—The Art of being Happy, by Timothy Flitot, 12mo. 6s. cloth.—Frank and his Father, or Conversations on the Book of Genesis, by B. H. Draper, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Imaginative Biography, by Sir E. Brydges, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. bds.—Memoirs of H. M. de Latude, confined during 35 Years in the French State Prisons, 12mo. 6s. cloth.—The Sacred Monitor, or a Second Series of Meditations for every Day, by the Rev. J. Craig, 12mo. 5s. cloth.—Mathematical and Physical Tracts, by Andrew Bell, 8vo. 4s. cloth.—Report from the Select Committee on Steam-Carriages, 8vo. 4s. bds.—A Pedestrian Tour through France and Italy, by Dr. Weatherhead (being a 2d edition of the Philosophical Rambler), 8vo. 12s. bds.—A Hebrew Chrestomathy, by Moses Stuart, 3d edition, 8vo. 14s. bds.—The Feathered Tribes of the British Islands, by Robert Mudie, with coloured Plates, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s. bds.—De Porquet's First French Reading-Book, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cloth; French Dictionary, 2d edition, 12mo. 6s. cloth.—On the Influence of Minute Doses of Mercury, by A. P. W. Philip, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—The Little Lexicon, 3s. 6d. cloth; 5s. 6d. roan tuck; 7s. morocco.—The Little Gazetteer, 3s. 6d. cloth; 5s. 6d. roan tuck; 7s. morocco.—Hymns for Childhood, by Felicia Hemans.—A Guide to Jewish History, Ceremonies, &c. 12mo. 3s. hf.-bd.—Principles of the Law of Scotland, by G. J. Bell, 3d edition, 8vo. 21s. cloth.—Archbold's Criminal Pleading, 3d edition, by John Jervis, 12mo. 13s. bds.—A Practical Treatise on Bills of Exchange, by J. Chitty, 2 vols. royl 8vo. 2s. 12s. 6d. bds.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1834.

February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 6	From 26. to 41.	29.80 to 29.91
Friday... 7	... 29. to 40.	29.97 to 30.03
Saturday... 8	... 29. to 39.	30.11 to 30.20
Sunday... 9	... 29. to 39.	30.25 to 30.28
Monday... 10	... 25. to 40.	30.31 to 30.19
Tuesday... 11	... 29. to 48.	30.05 to 29.90
Wednesday 12	... 40. to 47.	29.69 to 29.67

Wind variable; S.W. prevailing.  
Except the 6th and morning of the 7th, generally cloudy; rain at times.  
Rain fallen, .3 of an inch.

February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 13	From 32. to 46.	29.92 to 30.01
Friday... 14	... 36. to 43.	30.49 to 30.15
Saturday... 15	... 39. to 45.	30.09 to 30.06
Sunday... 16	... 29. to 41.	30.14 to 30.23
Monday... 17	... 32. to 42.	30.19 to 30.13
Tuesday... 18	... 37. to 45.	30.09 to 30.00
Wednesday 19	... 39. to 50.	29.98 to 29.99

Wind variable; S.W. prevailing.  
Except the 16th and 17th, generally cloudy; rain at times on the 14th and in the evening of the 19th.  
Rain fallen, .175 of an inch.

**Edmonton.** CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.  
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.  
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sorry we cannot publish H. S. N.  
"The Two Burials" indicate both feeling and talent; but we do not consider the poem to be correct enough for the *Lit. Gaz.*

The Poet's Longing, from Schiller, is nearly in the same predicament.  
Charlotte will not do yet.

We are much obliged to M. D.; but fear that the length of the paper must be an insuperable objection to our availing ourselves of his kind offer.

X. Y. Z. in our next: the subject has occupied our attention for some time.

"Folly" is generally noisy. We have several letters to the same purport as that which was inserted in the *Times* newspaper, signed "Cole," in which an argument of infidelity is drawn from the utter ignorance of the rudiments of geology.

We regret much having again to postpone our review of Keightley's Tales and Popular Fictions.

Also our notice of Mr. Adams's excellent Lectures on Astronomy; so appropriate for the season of Lent, either as public instruction or popular entertainment.



## ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION,

PALL MALL.  
The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.  
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

## THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS,

DRAWINGS, AND SKETCHES, by the late R. P. BONINGTON, is now open to the Public, at 20, Regent Street. This interesting Collection contains the greater part of his finest productions, and altogether comprehends Three Hundred and Fifty different Subjects, many of which are entirely new to the Public.

Open from Ten till Six.  
Admission, One Shilling. Catalogue, Sixpence.

## COLLECTION OF MODERN WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS OF THE LATE G. F. ROBSON,

Equipped by Messrs. CHRISTIE, MANSON, and CHRISTIE, at their Great Room, King Street, St. James's Square, on Wednesday April the 9th, and following day, at One o'clock precisely, (by order of the Executors), the very valuable Collection of Drawings in Water-Colours of that distinguished Artist, George Fennell Robson, Esq. deceased; comprising some grand Drawings and beautiful productions of his own pencil, from Views taken in some of the most romantic parts of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, framed and glazed, and in the portfolio. A beautiful Collection of Drawings to illustrate Shakespeare by Wright: Illustrations to Don Quixote, by the same; and a Collection of capital Specimens of the following Artists:—

Hearne	Richter	Cristall	P. Williams
P. Sandby	Prosser	Hunt	Wyne
Girtin	J. Varley	Holland	Wyld
Danby, R.A.	C. Fielding	Ince	Finch
Barrett	Harding	Boys	Miss Byrne
De Wint	Croftsmole	Bentley	A. Varley
Stanfield	Cox	Evans	Barlett
Hills	Cotman	Byrne	C. Varley

Also, a very splendid Group of Wild Horses in plaster, by Lough; some Frames and Glasses, and a few Blank Scrap-Books, &c. &c.

Catalogues are being prepared, and will be ready a fortnight before the Sale. The Collection may be viewed on the Monday and Tuesday preceding the Sale.

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